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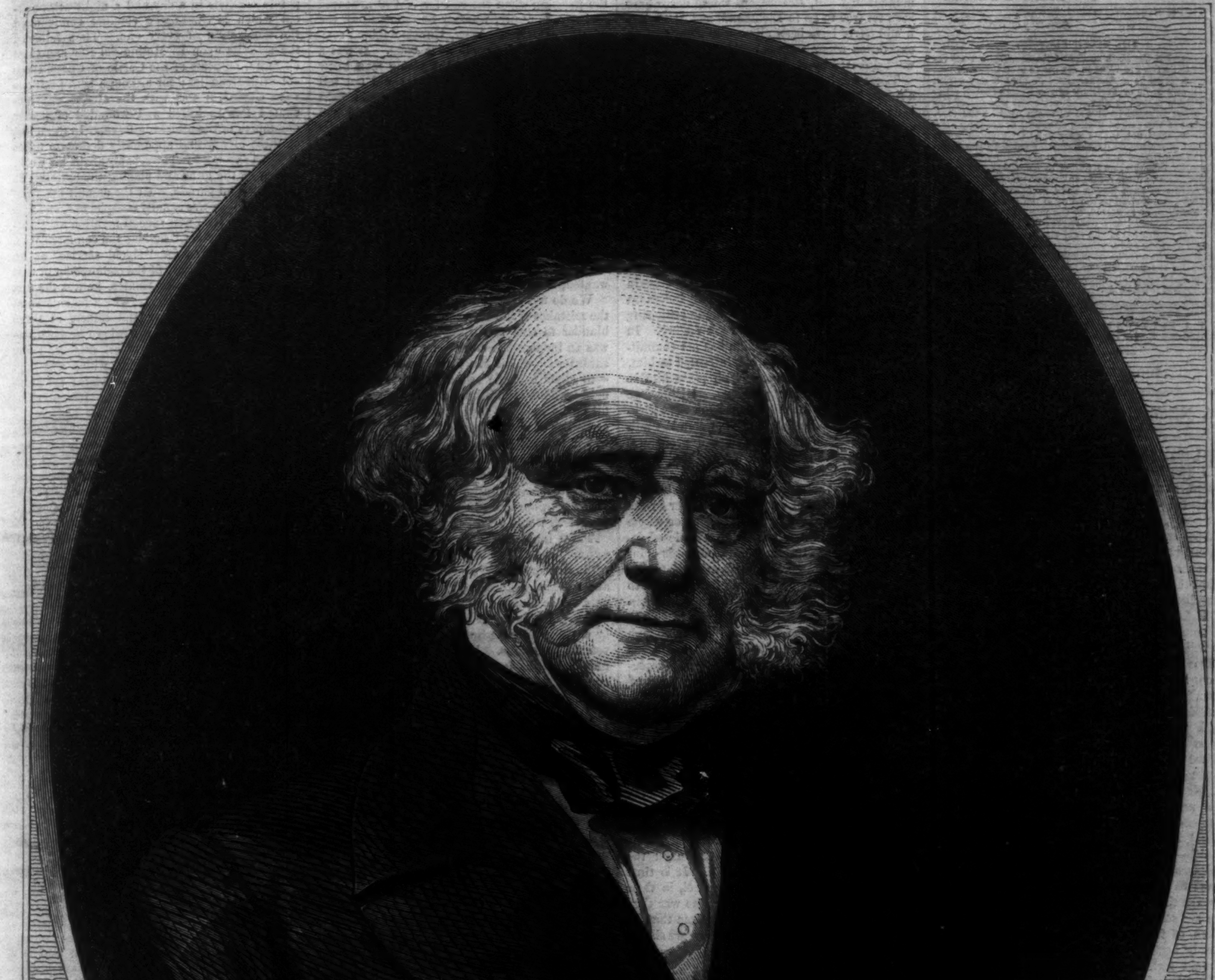


THE LATE MARTIN VAN BUREN, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 508.]

A PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An Act to suppress Insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate the Property of Rebels, and for other Purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion, against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures as within and by said sixth section provided.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

[L. S.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President—William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

THE SIXTH SECTION.

Annexed is the sixth section of the Confiscation act referred to by the President in the above proclamation:

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person within any State or Territory of the United States, other than those named as aforesaid, after the passage of this act, being engaged in armed rebellion against the Government of the United States, or aiding or abetting such rebellion, shall not, within sixty days after public warning and proclamation duly given and made by the President of the United States, cease to aid, countenance, and abet such rebellion, and return to his allegiance to the United States, all the estate and property, moneys, stocks, and credits of such person shall be liable to seizure as aforesaid, and it shall be the duty of the President to seize and use them as aforesaid, or the proceeds thereof. And all sales, transfers, or conveyances of any such property after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of such warning and proclamation shall be null and void; and it shall be a sufficient bar to any suit brought by such person for the possession or the use of such property, or any of it, to allege and prove that he is one of the persons described in this section.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 9, 1862.

A NEW MOVE ON THE EUROPEAN BOARD.

EUROPEAN politics are a queer puzzle. The latest news from Europe contains the statement that a new and close alliance has been formed between France and Russia. Simultaneously, we perceive that the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government, has ceased to take the side of the Southern rebels, once more eulogizes the North, and even undertakes the defense of General Butler from British scurrility.

If Louis Napoleon really cherishes the desire to humble England—as Englishmen unanimously believe—events could not have shaped themselves more conveniently for the accomplishment of his purpose. His newspapers have encouraged the British to think that if England interfered in this country France would side with her. Acting on this belief the London press has pursued us with a brutal and blackguard malignity which has filled the American heart with the most intense hostility toward England. If, in carrying out the policy of the new Russo-French alliance the French Emperor should resolve to quarrel with England, he would thus have the entire civilized world—with, perhaps, the single exception of helpless Austria—on his side. Spain would want to regain Gibraltar. Italy is burning to avenge the wrongs of 1859. And this country, we are sorry to say, has been goaded to such a pitch of fury by the studied unkindness and steady hostility of the British people that we should certainly raise no hand on behalf of Great Britain.

It is a little remarkable that, at a late review of Volunteers in England, the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, took pains to be present, and warned the soldiers—"with unusual and startling earnestness," as a reporter said—to be ready, when the time came, to perform manfully the work for which they had been organized.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Major-General Henry W. Halleck is now Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and the public may consequently feel satisfied, in the first place, that the various operations of our forces will be directed by a single mind; and secondly, that the directing mind will be that of a soldier, and not that of a lawyer.

It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief which has been done by division of counsels and civilian interference with military movements. General Halleck's rapid successes in the West merely increased the obstacles in the path of General M'Clellan, and enabled Jeff Davis to call to Richmond the ablest generals and possibly some of the troops of the Southwestern rebel army. Again, when General M'Clellan embarked at Alexandria for Old Point, it was with the distinct understanding that General M'Dowell would co-operate with him with 40,000 men from Fredericksburg; it was not till his campaign had actually commenced that the civilians in authority at Washington discovered that a movement by M'Dowell on Richmond might leave Washington uncovered, countermanded their previous orders, and paralyzed the Army of the Potomac. If General M'Clellan had understood that he could not have the co-operation of M'Dowell his plans might have been very different, and the losses incurred at Williamsburg, Fairoaks, and the Chickahominy might have been spared. We have it on the best authority that when General M'Clellan first received intelligence from Washington that he must dispense with M'Dowell's army, he covered his face with his hands, and remained several hours plunged in sombre silence—to use the language of one of his aids, "with an awful expression." He saw that the carefully-laid plans which had been submitted to and approved by the civilian authorities at Washington had been overset by an after-thought of theirs; and that the result, which had been mathematically certain, was now rendered problematical. If General Halleck had been at Washington, with the powers of a Commander-in-Chief, Beauregard would never have been set free to go to Richmond, and M'Clellan would never have been allowed to depart on an expedition whose success could have been afterward defeated by civilian panic.

There has been much said in the papers about a rivalry between M'Clellan and Halleck. There is no foundation for any thing of the kind. *General Halleck was suggested as Commander-in-Chief by General M'Clellan on 9th July, when the President visited Harrison's Landing, and was appointed as soon as Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington on 11th.* They are old personal friends, thoroughly appreciate each other's genius, and will work together in perfect harmony.

It may not be amiss to refer briefly, in this connection, to the speech of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, on the subject of the war, and to the echoes of that speech in the press. Certain friends of General M'Clellan are vastly indignant that a speech should have been made criticising their hero. We do not share the feeling. In our opinion General M'Clellan has not committed a single error in the work intrusted to him, and has evinced qualities which place him in the highest rank among soldiers. History, we think, will place his movement from the Chickahominy to the James among the grandest military exploits on record; and will pronounce that others, not M'Clellan, are responsible for the failure of the Union army to take Richmond in July. At the same time we should be very sorry to believe that we had any soldier in the field who was not subject to criticism, or whose performance might not fairly be a topic of debate. Senator Chandler is entitled to his opinion of General M'Clellan, and entitled to express, as the *Tribune* and *Herald* are entitled to print it. It must go for what it is worth. General M'Clellan, we are satisfied, would be the last man to object to criticism. He is enough of a man to know that if it be unjust, his merits will shine all the brighter for his previous depreciation; if it be just, the sooner he is got out of the way the better for the country. Thus far Senator Chandler's attack seems to have merely intensified both the public and the President's confidence in M'Clellan.

The appointment of a resident Commander-in-Chief at Washington, and the Presidential orders directing the army to subsist itself on the enemy, and employ negroes in every fitting capacity, indicate that we are turning over a new leaf in the method of carrying on the war. The new orders from Washington command the hearty approval of all loyal people. It is time that the rebels should be made to feel, in their hearths and homes, the horrors of the war they have forced on us. And it is high time that, in prosecuting the arduous task before us, we should secure any allies we can—white men if they offer, but if not, black, brown, or yellow.

A number of well-meaning persons complain that the Government is too slow—that we should have had a million of men in the field—that the President ought long ago to have authorized our armies to subsist themselves on the rebels, and employ fugitive slaves. It is very easy to prophesy after the event—very simple for people who have had no responsibility to bear, to turn round upon the men who have borne the whole burden of public service on their shoulders and say, when disaster occurs, "I told you so."

History teaches us very plainly that revolutions are steadily progressive, and that a Government, to be safe and strong, must never be in advance of the people. If Mr. Lincoln had commanded our generals to seize the property of Southern men in May, 1861, three-fourths of the North would have protested against the act as needless and barbarous. If, at the same time, he had authorized generals to enlist negroes, at least as large a majority of the Northern people would have opposed him; numbers of army officers, who are now fierce abolitionists, would have resigned; and such excellent soldiers as General Lewis Wallace, General Ben Butler, General Hunter himself would have refused to serve. Mr. Lincoln was compelled to wait until stern experience had eradicated from the Democratic mind the old pro-slavery prejudices, which had been fostered for a generation. Let any one ask General Wallace what his views were when he raised the 11th Indiana Zouaves: he will say that, while he was for the Union, he was heartily pro-slavery. Now he denounces those who oppose negro regiments as little better than traitors. Compare General Butler's letter to Governor Andrew, dated from Annapolis, in April, 1861, with his present dispatches: the progress is marvelous. In April, 1861, there was not a firmer supporter of slavery in the country than Major Dave Hunter, of Illinois, who has just raised the 1st South Carolina Regiment of Volunteers, consisting exclusively of negroes. It is possible that Mr. Lincoln may have foreseen, fifteen months ago, that we should be compelled to arm negroes and seize Southern property. But whether he did or not, it is more than probable that, if he had so far anticipated the progress of public sentiment as to inaugurate the war with these measures, we should have had—what the rebels fondly counted upon—a divided and powerless North.

So, again, with regard to the numbers of our forces. Why didn't the President call out 300,000 on April 15, 1861, instead of 75,000? Let any candid man recall his sensations on the morning when the call for 75,000 appeared and say, honestly, whether he didn't think the number excessive. Why, Illinois doubted seriously whether she could raise 6000. It was a new business. None of the young men knew any thing of war. The wisest could not tell whether the people of the North would fight *en masse* for the Union. If Mr. Lincoln had stated in a proclamation that 300,000 men were required, people might have replied that the game was not worth the candle. So in July, when he asked for 400,000 men and $400,000,000. The *ex post facto* critics shriek, "Why didn't he call for a million, and finish up the work?" Those very men, when the Message appeared on 5th July, believed and declared that it was merely an exaggeration intended to frighten the South. They didn't dream that 400,000 men would be wanted, much less raised, and found too few.

We do not wish to be understood as excusing the mistakes of the Government. It was a fatal blunder to stop recruiting last Fall. And it was an inexcusable error—one of the many absurdities for which Mr. Cameron has to answer—to allow a single regiment to march to the field without establishing a recruiting dépôt to fill up its ranks as they became thinned by the casualties of war. These are the stupidities into which peaceful nations always fall when they embark in the strange and unnatural business of war. But in the main, history will decide that the Administration of Mr. Lincoln raised as many troops and as speedily as the temper of the North would allow.

Three hundred thousand more men are now wanted, and they will probably be forthcoming without a draft. We trust that the President and General Halleck will not commit the unpardonable blunder of organizing them into raw regiments, so as to be useless, when they might be made invaluable by being distributed among veteran battalions. But it is possible that we may have this lesson, too, to learn by experience.

Meanwhile officials in each State are preparing the necessary registers for a draft. It is hardly likely that the war will be concluded without one. Even with 300,000 fresh troops, our armies will still be outnumbered by the rebels, who have 700,000 men in the field. But it is evidently wiser for the President to exhaust the voluntary system, and then fall back on drafting, rather than run the risk of rendering the war unpopular in the rural districts at the present critical moment by drafting men, if there be no absolute necessity for resorting to such extreme measures. By-and-by the public mind will be educated to the necessity, and then the wiseacres will shout aloud—We told you so! We told you so!

M'CLELLAN UNDER FIRE.

General Scott, when, after the battles upon Manassas Plains (won so often not only before they occurred but since, by newspaper strategists), it became necessary to commit to some one the two-fold Herculean task of making a great army and planning a vast and complicated campaign, recommended M'Clellan, not only because of the vigor and capacity which he had shown in Western Virginia, but on account of the gallantry, skill, and indefatigable energy which he exhibited throughout the campaign in Mexico. Into that campaign he entered in the lowest rank of commissioned officers—that of second lieutenant—but in the highest department of the service—the engineers—a position achieved by his graduating at West Point with the highest honors.

In Mexico he won not only reputation for skill and energy as a military engineer, but laurels for his gallantry in the field. He had been working night and day in the furtherance of Scott's plan of attack upon the heights of Cerro Gordo, and so successfully as to elicit the commendations of the veteran commander, when he was detailed to Pillow's brigade in the general assault, and where he performed his duties under the fiercest fire of the day; that brigade, which moved upon the Mexican right, having been obliged to attack the enemy under such great disadvantages of position, and having met with such determined resistance that it was repulsed with heavy loss—the field having been won by the carrying of the centre and left. In this his first battle he won the meed of special mention. At the battles of Contreras, fought on the 19th and 20th of August, 1847, M'Clellan again distinguished himself by his daring and gallantry. Being detailed to General Twiggs's division, he led its way to the attack on the 19th, and pushed a reconnoissance for the placing of batteries so near the enemy's lines that he and the topographical officer with him both had their horses shot under them. The battle coming on immediately, and the commander of the howitzer battery having been severely wounded, M'Clellan sprang forward, took his post, and fought the battery with great spirit and ability until it became so disabled as to require shelter. General Twiggs specially recommended him to the favorable consideration of General Scott for "efficiency and gallantry" in this affair; and he was immediately brevetted First Lieutenant of Engineers. Next came the battles of Churubusco—five desperate conflicts in a day and a night—throughout which M'Clellan's conduct commanded the admiration of every one. Then followed the assaults upon El Molino del Rey and Casa de Mata, outposts of the Castle of Chapultepec—fearful struggles; for although both positions were carried, it was with the almost unprecedented loss in killed and wounded of nearly one-fourth of the attacking force. In the midst of these bloody and apparently desperate fights M'Clellan went imperturbably about his work, managing the guns and placing the batteries as if he were on parade. At the assault upon the Castle itself he was equally conspicuous, and won from General Worth special mention for "gallantry and conduct," besides the commendation which he received for "signal service" as an engineer in the report of the commander of that corps. And finally, at Mexico, he was the first officer to push into the city, which he entered at the head of his sappers and miners at three o'clock in the morning, and where he encountered that most dreadful of all attacks, firing from windows and house-tops, which was kept up by two thousand released convicts; the Mexican regular army having fled. His previous services on the 12th of September had caused him to be brevetted Captain; but as he modestly declined the honor of a sword from Philadelphia last year because he "had done nothing to deserve it," so here he declined his captaincy; but when upon the taking of the city of the Montezumas he was again brevetted Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct at Chapultepec and Mexico," he accepted the twice-won honor.

There remains but a word to be said to the profound strategists who would at once put him to school as a general, and degrade him in the eyes of the country as a man. It is, that although they may choose to disregard his subsequent services as an organizer at West Point, as an explorer at the West, and as a theorist in the Crimea, which gained him distinction in the records of the War Department, and, finally, his bringing order out of the chaos which succeeded Bull Run; and although he has not yet entered Richmond, it would be prudent for them not to attack a man for the lack of soldierly qualities who, by conspicuous gallantry and daring, as well as by professional skill, won his captaincy upon bloody fields before he was twenty-two years old.

THE LOUNGER.

KEEPING A GOOD HEART.

In the prosecution of a great war two things are essential—money and spirit; and of the two the latter is the most important. That at least is a lesson which we ought long ago to have learned from the rebels. We were wont, in the early days of the trouble, to console ourselves with the reflection that they had no money, and no credit, and no food, and that they must very soon starve and surrender. But had we not an earlier lesson? Had we not Valley Forge in our history? People will go shoeless, and hungry, and cold. By all the logic of circumstances they will be beaten a dozen times, yet still fight desperately. Why? Because there is no shoe so stout, no dinner so satisfactory, no fire so warm, as an idea. Good or bad makes little difference. In the great religious wars the Protestants and Catholics fought with equal fury. It can not be denied that Philip II. was quite as much in earnest as William of Orange and the stout Hollanders.

Now we have plenty of money, but if we lack spirit we are beaten already. "Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" Are we such faint hearts that, if success will not tumble from sheer over-ripeness into our arms, we will shake our heads dolefully and suck our imbecile thumbs in despair? We have a great work to do. It is of a kind that can not be done in a month or a year. We have to suppress an armed insurrection, and then establish and guarantee peace. It is a tremendous business. It demands men of robust hearts and strong arms and the most cheerful wills. It is precisely the kind of task that should be most welcome to a nation of our race and breeding. It is to educe order from chaos; to squelch a miserable semi-barbaric system of civilization, with its few enormously rich, and its hordes of wretchedly poor and abject, and establish a uniformity of right and advantage. It is to banish the hideous old night of Slavery with the jocund young day-spring of Liberty.

And it is to do this by the way, as it were, while we are maintaining our Government and keeping our borders intact.

There is but one thing wanting to secure to us an easy and transcendent victory—and that is, a little stouter heart than we have displayed; or, to put it more truly, a little quicker appreciation of the scope of the contest. Let us love our cause with an unfaltering love, and we are already victors. But let us higgle-haggle, and shilly-shally, about a vast, overwhelming, universal crushing of the rebellion, root and branch, leaf and bark, top and bottom—an utter annihilation of it in all its symptoms and all its causes, and we shall be shamefully and utterly beaten, because the rebels have that irresistible unanimity and spirit, that absolute devotion and surrender of every effort and every interest to the success of their cause, which has been slower to show itself in us. They stake every thing, and maintain themselves. Let us stake every thing, and subdue them utterly.

Of course they will beat us so long as we furnish them with men and women to do their work while they fight us. Of course they will outnumber us in every battle-field so long as we insist that every able-bodied white man in the South shall turn out against us, and have no reason for staying at home. Of course our levies after levies will be exhausted while we treat the rebellion as something to be episodically snuffed out. The war has lasted a year and a half. We have spent thousands of lives and millions of dollars. It is a strain along the very fibre of our national system. If we think to beat with one finger or one hand, we shall discover our mistake by being utterly vanquished.

Why, then, do we hesitate to clench both hands and to smite with all our force? Let every lawful means of war be employed; let us hold all that a rebel hath, his life included, as an aid to the rebellion; let us understand that the enemy is not to be conciliated but vanquished; and then we shall establish peace and universal security, and not until then.

RUMORS.

THE air is full of rumors which no Lounger can help hearing, of new political combinations and movements. But there are one or two cardinal points in the situation which no political intrigues can disturb.

The first and chief of these is, that while the Government is struggling for its existence there can really be but two parties—its friends and its foes. Its friends are those who are for maintaining its spirit and form at any cost to any enemy. Its foes are those who are for overthrowing its form and spirit altogether, or for maintaining them under certain conditions.

The second of these considerations is, that any effort to divide its friends upon questions of policy of defense is an attempt, conscious or unconscious, to aid the enemy; for no body of men can debate fiercely and fight effectively at the same time.

The third of these cardinal points is, that in every great war of this kind those who are for maintaining the Government at all costs are necessarily the leaders among its friends, as those who are for overthrowing it utterly are the leaders of its enemies. In the English Rebellion, it was the King by divine right who headed one party, and the assertor of the supreme right of the people who headed the other. In France, it was the old régime and the rabble. In America, it was the supporters of the royal prerogative over the colonies, on one side, and the friends of the Congress that declared absolute independence of Great Britain, upon the other.

In all these cases the aspect of the parties was the same, because the quarrel was vital; and wherever men go to war because they differ, if the war continues, they will inevitably distribute themselves around the essential points of disagreement.

Now what is the substance of our quarrel? It is nothing less than the spirit and form of our Government. There are but two sides. One holds that the spirit of the Government is liberty, and that its form secures the peaceful development of liberty for every man. The other sees that the peaceful operation of the form *will* secure that liberty, and so, hating the spirit, it strikes at the form. The practical question that instantly presents itself to the friends of the Government is, shall we hesitate to strike at the system which is the cause of the insurrection, and which is a perpetual defiance of the spirit of the Government?

That is the question upon which the national mind is really engaged at this moment. The farther consideration, *in what way* we can most wisely strike, is another question. Are we willing to strike at all? Every moment's delay in answering the inquiry is an army to the enemy. Every effort to divide us into two parties upon it is a victory for the rebellion. Conciliation being impossible, are we willing to conquer, or shall we submit to conquest?—that is the present point. If a party plants itself upon conciliation, it concedes victory to the enemy. Therefore we return to our starting-point, that there *can* be but two parties—friends and enemies of the Government.

It is not assuming too much to say, that, if the friends of Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Dean Richmond unite in a party-combination, it will include, with all the honest Union men who may adhere to it, all the white-feather peace-men, all the disloyal and doubtful men, all who secretly wish well to the rebellion, with all who utterly disbelieve the Democratic principle and wish to perpetuate slavery. It is equally clear that the opposing party will unite all those who believe in the natural rights of men, who hold that the spirit of the Government is Liberty, and who, to maintain the form of the Government, are as willing to free a rebel's slave as to take a rebel's life. It is no less evident that Jeff Davis and the rebels would heartily pray for the success of the first party, and as heartily hate the last. Nor is it at all doubtful that, if such a combination should be effected, that vigorous prosecution of the war which can alone satisfy the most earnest and devoted friends of the Government could not be expected. Would this be any thing less than disastrous to the great cause?

Let us all understand, then, that the question is whether the war shall continue—not *how* it shall continue. For if it goes on, it is clear that only the most stringent measures will secure us the victory. If that is borne in mind, we shall have in this State, this year, the true union of unhesitatingly loyal men who presented and voted the Union ticket of last year, which put the State of New York triumphantly upon the side to which she belongs—the side of an unconditional suppression of rebellion by a universal weakening of rebels on every side.

THE PLATFORMS.

WE are glad to be able to lay before our readers the two Platforms upon which the people of this State and of the country are henceforth to stand. One of them has but a single plank; and so, in fact, has the other; but it is hewn to look like several planks. Civil war simplifies all public questions. Eminent political joiners are understood to be still engaged in dovetailing the parts of the Conciliation Platform, and there is little doubt of the result of their labor. We present, first,

The Conciliation Platform.

Resolved, That we heartily believe in the irrepressible harmony of Free States and Slave States in the same government, of which our history for the last thirty years has been the faithful witness.

Resolved, That if the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and of the Fathers of the Constitution had only been false, or had never been alluded to, there would have been no trouble in the land, and Southern gentlemen, our natural rulers, would have continued to govern us for the benefit of their peculiar institution, for the great glory of the country, and for the honor of mankind.

Resolved, That we most respectfully deprecate what we are constrained to call the erroneous views entertained of the nature of our government by those whom we must still be permitted to call our brothers, friends, and fellow-citizens—to wit, President Davis, General Floyd, General Wigfall, General or Colonel Pryor, General Cobb, the Honorable and brilliant, but for the moment misguided, Mr. Yancey, the brave General Jackson, General Johnson (who, we regret to hear, still suffers from his wound, and to whom we respectfully tender our sympathy, with the most earnest hope of his speedy restoration to health and to sounder views of our national system), General Magruder, the skillful but mistaken defender of Yorktown, General Lee (whom we can not but congratulate upon his military ability, although we are constrained to differ with him, respectfully, as to the propriety of showing it in the way he has thought fit), General Morgan, the romantic hero of the West, the worthy Hollins and excellent Tatnall, of maritime renown; the eminent jurist and profound statesman, Benjamin; the honest Slidell and the humane Mason, honors to our kind, whose unhappy detention of last season we greatly deplore; the high-principled Soulé, now reposing in a seclusion which he dignifies and adorns; and the amiable magistrate Monroe, at present residing in the immediate neighborhood of the seat of his magistracy—these we can not but regard as still our most loving and loyal fellow-citizens, although, as it were, for the present, and in a manner, so to say, beclouded; and, with them, all and singular our Southern fellow-citizens of every sex who have shown, at Manassas, in Baltimore, and New Orleans, that innate chivalry and superior quality which have always proudly distinguished them from the mud-sills and fierce fanatics, whom, we regret to say, we have not wholly extirpated from among ourselves, and among whom we may name Ellsworth, Winthrop, Greble, Lyons, Baker, Putnam, and many more.

Resolved, That we venture to suggest, in all kindness and with great reluctance, to our many Southern brethren, that they are acting unadvisedly; that although they have been goaded into their present attitude by the most unconstitutional and exasperating and atrocious Northern libelers, incendiaries, and traitors, and have every reason that outraged human nature and broken political faith can allege to do what they are doing; that although they are valorous, and chivalric, and gallant, and every inch gentlemen, and could not be expected to endure a Constitutional political defeat at the ballot-box, yet still that they ought to reconsider their hasty but perfectly natural action.

Resolved, That if they do not, we expect nothing less from their proverbial generosity than toleration of our difference of opinion in taking a military attitude; yet we beg most humbly to assure them that in agitating with arms our temporary and doubtless perfectly honest differences, we shall have the most constant and scrupulous regard for their comfort, convenience, houses, lands, cattle, and prejudices, and we hope most earnestly that nothing very serious will happen.

Resolved, That slavery is the most beneficent and peace-promoting system of labor for a free country that could be devised; and that we utterly renounce, and abhor, and despise, and (begging pardon of our sunny Southern brethren for using the word) spit upon the traitorous, black-hearted, renegade, scoundrelly scamps, the Abolitionists, who have irritated the lovely South, have plunged us into the burning pit of civil war, and who, we heartily hope and pray, may at the first convenient opportunity be hanged, drawn, and quartered—or, if more agreeable to our sunny Southern brethren, wasted at slow fires.

Resolved, That on our knees we humbly beg pardon of the injured, and chivalric, and sunny South, and confidently commit our cause to its kind clemency and consideration.

The other is

The Patriotic Platform.

Resolved, That we gladly pledge our time, our utmost energies, our resources, our honor, and our lives for the speedy and unconditional suppression of the rebellion against the principles of civil order and the spirit and form of this Government, by the most vigorous employment of every method sanctioned by the right of self-defense and the customary usages of war.

The vote upon these two platforms will show us exactly where we are.

AN INTERIOR VIEW.

IF every thing does not go for our side just as we would have it, we may be very sure that the course of things is not altogether agreeable for the rebels. They have been often in dire extremity, at least in their own estimation; and at the present moment, if they enjoy a breathing time, although they may crow lustily they can not crow away the facts of the situation. They know as well as we that the nation is only deepening and strengthening its resolution of subduing the rebellion. The prospect for the conspirators is not essentially changed, although our final success is somewhat postponed.

The following letter gives a glimpse into the secret feelings of leading rebels in the month of April last. It shows how precious Richmond is to them. The writer has, of course, been surprised and pleased by the course of events. But the depression of spirits which was universal in the rebellion at that time will never be permanently relieved. The letter was recently found upon the Peninsula:

> CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, *April* 18, 1862.
>
> MY DEAR GENERAL,—Your esteemed favor of the 11th was received by me yesterday, and I hasten to answer. I greatly fear our cause will be lost should Davis and his advisers conclude to vacate Yorktown and Williamsburg, falling back into North Carolina.
>
> The sacrifice of the Peninsula (thereby necessarily giving to the hated Yankees the present capital of our Confederacy) will most certainly demoralize our army to such an extent as to place us in a desperate strait. M'Clellan and the gun-boats will, I fear, succeed in opening their way up the Peninsula and James River.
>
> I have just received a letter from our old friend Yancey, as also one from Hon. T. Butler King, by the last mail from Europe. They both write despondingly. We have every thing prepared, so that we can destroy our property (although I doubt the policy of it) on the first approach of the Federal fleet. . . . . . My regards to Sid Johnston and old Jack Magruder. Yours sincerely,
>
> W. A. HAMMOND.
>
> To Brig.-Gen. S. R. ANDERSON,
> Commanding South Carolina Volunteers.

MR. BATES OF THE BARINGS.

THE Union and Government of the United States have no more constant, and faithful, and frank friend than Mr. Bates of the House of the Barings in London. He has lived for many years in England, and by character and position speaks with great weight and influence; and from the first moment of this rebellion he has thought and said but one thing; namely, that the Government might, could, would, and should utterly overwhelm and suppress it.

These views of Mr. Bates have been perfectly familiar to his friends and correspondents in this country. But as he has been publicly denounced as a friend of the insurrection, it is but just to a most honorable, loyal, and intelligent American, who in the midst of sneering and skeptical foreigners has steadily kept the faith, to say that the statement of his secession sympathies is utterly untrue.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BOOTS.—To get good boots, the best plan, perhaps, would be to find out who makes those of Professor Faraday, or Professor Owen, and employ him, if there is any such particular person; for a philosopher should be the best judge of the fitness of things, including boots. But there may be no such person; for many philosophers are accustomed to buy their boots ready made; true philosophy seeking to discover, by the shortest process, where the shoe pinches, and rejecting that shoe or boot for another which does not pinch.

Durability of boots is a quality undervalued by inexperienced or unwise dandies, because they never half test it. No new boot is so comfortable as an old one in sound condition. Old boots are like intimate old friends, and hand-and-glove is not more the symbol of intimacy than foot-and-boot. Never, if you are undesirous of corns and bunions, discard well-worn boots while their upper leathers are whole. The Emperor of the French and the chiefs of the British nobility would never have had occasion to attest the skill of Eisenberg if they had always made a point of having their boots forepieced, and heelpieced, and soled, and otherwise mended, so long as they would hold comfortably together. It is remarkable that the names assigned to different kinds of boots are mostly those of princes or soldiers, as Coburgs, Bluchers, Wellingtons, and Napoleons. The present fashionable *cothurnus* of ladies is called a Balmoral. But no boots are ever named after men of eminence in science and letters; there are no Macaulay boots, no Brunels, no Stephensons, no Liebigs, no Brownings, no Tennysons. Perhaps it is the confined idea of nobleness and distinction thus evinced by some leading shoemakers which has earned for their respectable and useful fraternity the too sweeping denomination of Snobs.

DINNER PLATITUDES.

Twice of soup is vulgar, but three times of soup implies that you must be more than double-plated with vulgarity. Such a thing was never known, not even at the Trinity Board, and Turtle is not the slightest excuse for your pushing things to such a vulgar length. An Alderman would really blush for you.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a great way. A little savory *pâté* is quite enough. Try too many, and you'll find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table, it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants: "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fee'd well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with every one. Avoid crab-apples, lest the Apple of Discord should turn up among them.

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

In a fight take your friend's part; at a feast let him have it himself.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

We have noticed a sweet thing in parasols. It is made of white satin, with a lining of pink arranged like the gills of a mushroom, the stalk being ivory, so that altogether it exhibits a pleasing resemblance to that elegant fungus.

In bonnets we have the pleasure to announce an exquisite novelty. The front of the bonnet is shaped like a church window in the pointed style, and trimmed at the sides with rolls of muslin to represent mouldings, and a drip-stone supported on either side by a rose in the place of a corbel. One of the mouldings is filled with the toothed ornament of the Early English pattern. Two trefoiled arches extend over the head, and are surmounted by a quatrefoil, and the *tout ensemble* is coquettish. This bonnet is much worn by young ladies, and is particularly becoming to the middle-aged.

FLUNKY (*out of place*). "There's just one question I should like to ask your ladyship—Ham I engaged for work, or ham I engaged for ornament?"

Judgment is a faculty which very few people have enough of to discover that they want more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEW INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERALS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *July* 22, 1862.

First—Ordered, that military commanders within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, in an orderly manner, seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness nor malice.

Second—That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from said States, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third—That as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such person shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases; and the several departments of this Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts toward the execution of these orders. By order of the

PRESIDENT.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Generals Halleck, Dix, Meigs, Burnside, and M'Clellan have just had an interview at the head-quarters of the latter. The meeting between General Halleck and General M'Clellan is said to have been as cordial as the former officer's opinion of the Potomac Army was laudatory and satisfactory. General Halleck expressed himself highly gratified at the condition of the troops after their late severe trials in the field. A vigorous programme is said to have been agreed upon, and that immediate activity is to be the order of the day.

SUCCESSFUL CAVALRY EXPEDITION.

General Pope reports another successful cavalry expedition by General King, on the 22d inst., from Fredericksburg, in which our troops defeated the rebel cavalry near Carmel Church, on the road to Richmond, destroyed the telegraph line to Gordonsville and burned the enemy's camp, together with six cars loaded with corn. General Stewart's cavalry made an attack upon our troops subsequently, but were also repulsed, driven across the North Anna River, and pursued within sight of Hanover Junction.

STONEWALL JACKSON AT LOUISA.

Stonewall Jackson is reported to be at Louisa Court House, and Ewell at Gordonsville. The united commands are said to amount to thirty thousand men.

REBEL RAID IN TENNESSEE.

The Tenth Ohio Regiment, which was guarding the Memphis and Charleston Road between Decatur and Courtland, was attacked on the 26th inst. by a large force of rebel guerrillas under General Stearns and General Ward. Some thirty or forty of our troops were killed, and the road was damaged to some extent. It is said that there is a large rebel force at Tuscumbia, and that Colonel Forrest is at Carthage.

A RAID AT FLORENCE, ALABAMA.

The steamer *Evansville*, from the Tennessee River, brings the news of a rebel raid at Florence, Alabama, on Tuesday last. The rebels, it is said, entered the city and burned all the warehouses used for our commissary and quarter-master stores, and all the cotton in the vicinity. They also seized the United States steamer *Colonna*, used for conveying army supplies over the shoals. They took all the money belonging to the boat and passengers, and then burned her. A small detachment of General Mitchel's army was captured. The rebels then proceeded down the Tennessee River to Chickasaw, Waterloo, and the vicinity of Eastport, and burned all the warehouses which contained cotton. Another band of forty rebels attacked a wagon train near Pittsburg Landing and captured sixty wagons conveying commissary and quarter-master stores.

RAIDS IN MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY.

The rebel guerrillas in Missouri made a dash upon the town of Greenville, which was occupied by two companies of Union militia troops, who, being taken by surprise, were driven out and the town was taken possession of by the rebels. Governor Gamble had accordingly issued a proclamation calling out all the militia of the State to put down those troublesome rebel marauders.

The guerrillas continue to annoy the people of Kentucky by raids in various places, destroying and stealing property. Morgan, however, has made a speech in which he confesses that his expedition has proved a failure.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE "ARKANSAS."

On July 20th it was stated that a scheme was on foot to capture the rebel ram *Arkansas*. The Granada *Appeal* (rebel) says that she was cut out from under the rebel batteries at Vicksburg by the Union gun-boats *General Bragg* and *Sumter*. No date is given.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT MEMPHIS.

General Sherman has assumed command at Memphis, in place of General Grant, recalled to Corinth, in consequence of the absence of General Halleck. It is understood that General Sherman will enforce all the orders issued by his predecessors, including the one requiring all the male inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to the Government or to leave the city. On Tuesday last four hundred persons took the oath of allegiance, and one hundred and thirty received passes to go South.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

A general exchange of prisoners has been agreed upon—the basis, according to the Richmond *Enquirer*, being the cartel of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. The *Enquirer* claims this agreement as an acknowledgment of the quasi nationality of the Confederate States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

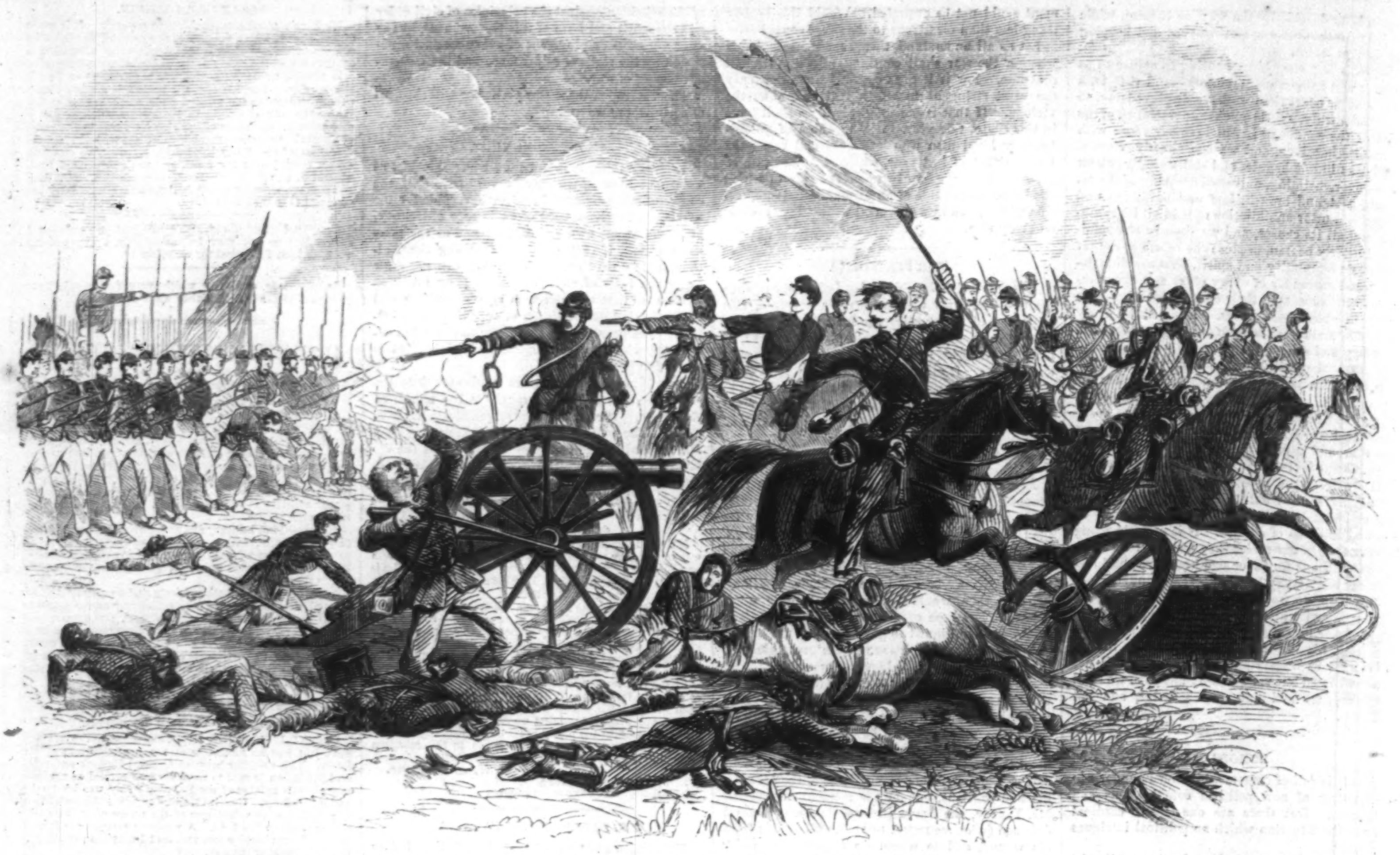
ENGLAND.

NON-INTERVENTION.

MR. FORSTER, M.P., has given notice in the House of Commons that when Mr. Lindsay brought up his motion for the recognition of the rebels by England, he (Mr. Forster) would move an amendment pledging the House to sustain the Government in its policy of non-intervention.

COTTON FROM INDIA.

A dispatch from India from a private source, received in London, states that 115,000 bales of cotton had been shipped from Bombay in one week.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY, JUNE 27.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 503.]

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

In connection with the illustrations on page 501, we give the following extract from a letter dated

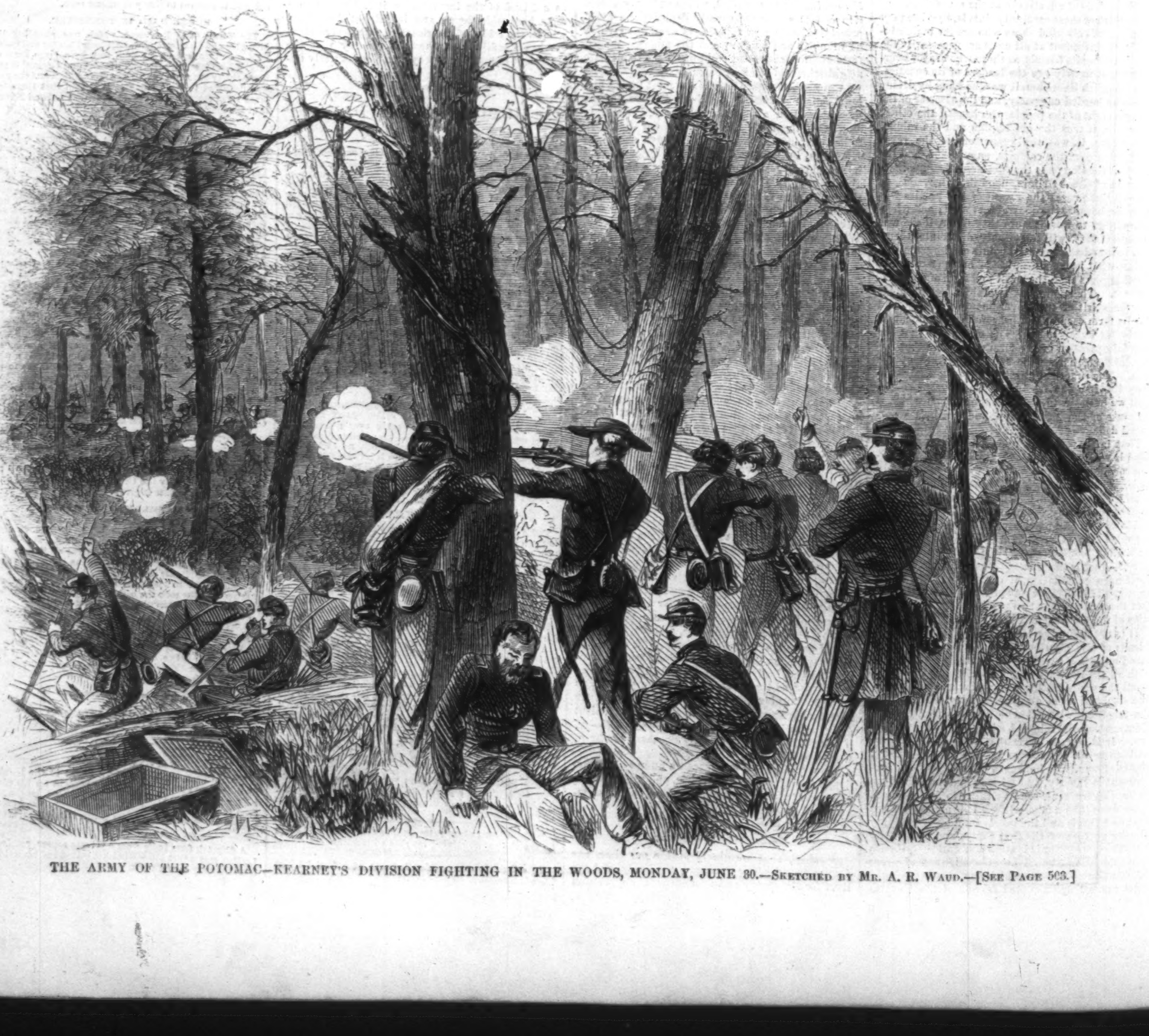
Sperryville, *July* 18, 1862.

It is a week to-day since General Siegel's corps d'armée marching from Luray in the early morning, crossed the Blue Ridge through Thornton's Gap, and encamped on the hills overlooking this village. Milroy had arrived before, and occupied an advanced position, while part of General Banks's column, which had once reached Sperryville, countermarched, and is elsewhere posted. General Van Steinwehr, commanding the second division of this corps, occupies the pass some miles to the rear.

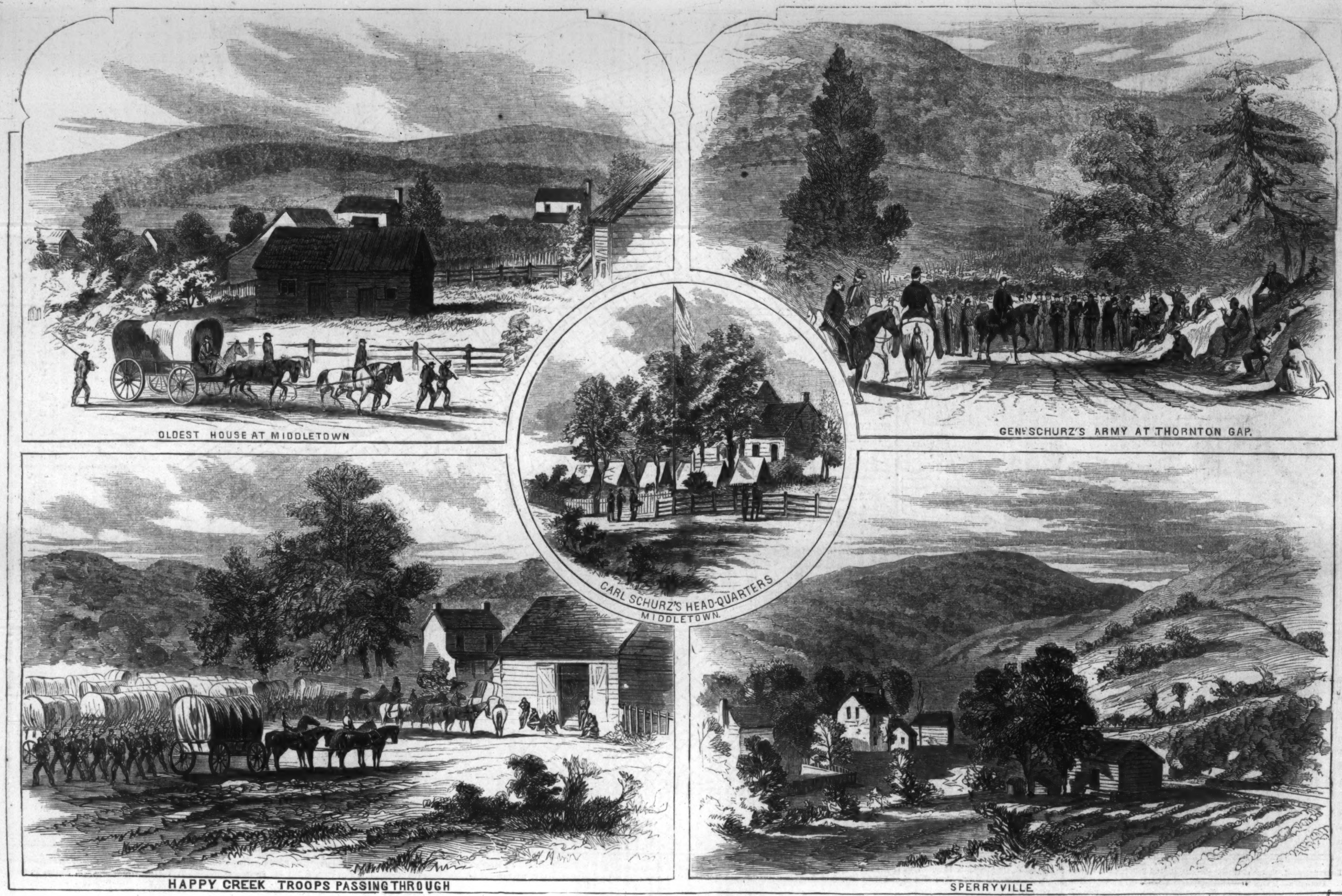
The week of repose since our arrival has been helpful in several ways, and even the march was a lesson in logistics which was greatly needed. I can speak only of the division whose performance I witnessed—General Schurz's—but that deserves praise. There was little straggling or plundering by the way, and regiments came in at night with ranks as full as when they started in the morning. General Schurz rightly held his brigade and regimental commanders to a strict accountability for the presence and order of their men; and, with the exception of the march from Luray to Sperryville, the troops were kept well in the ranks. Along that road the temptation of cherry-trees was too strong for military discipline and the stoicism of commanders, and the men were suffered to gather the fruit without restraint.

The week, however, though I have called it one of repose, has been availed of for constant drill. The troops have been so long on the march that they needed it greatly. Indeed, I suppose there are few volunteer regiments not capable of improvement in that respect. General Siegel has been absent, and General Schenck in command. Under him, and with the constant supervision of the division and brigade commanders, the troops have been exercised daily. Yesterday was a grand review of General Schurz's division, consisting of General Bohlen's and Colonel Kryzanowski's brigades. General Siegel, who returned on Tuesday, was present. The battalion movements were good, better than the manual, and the review was really a creditable one to officers and men.

General Siegel's and General Schenck's head-quarters are side by side, in a house and the grounds about it, on a hill near the village.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—KEARNEY'S DIVISION FIGHTING IN THE WOODS, MONDAY, JUNE 30.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 503.]



OLDEST HOUSE AT MIDDLETOWN

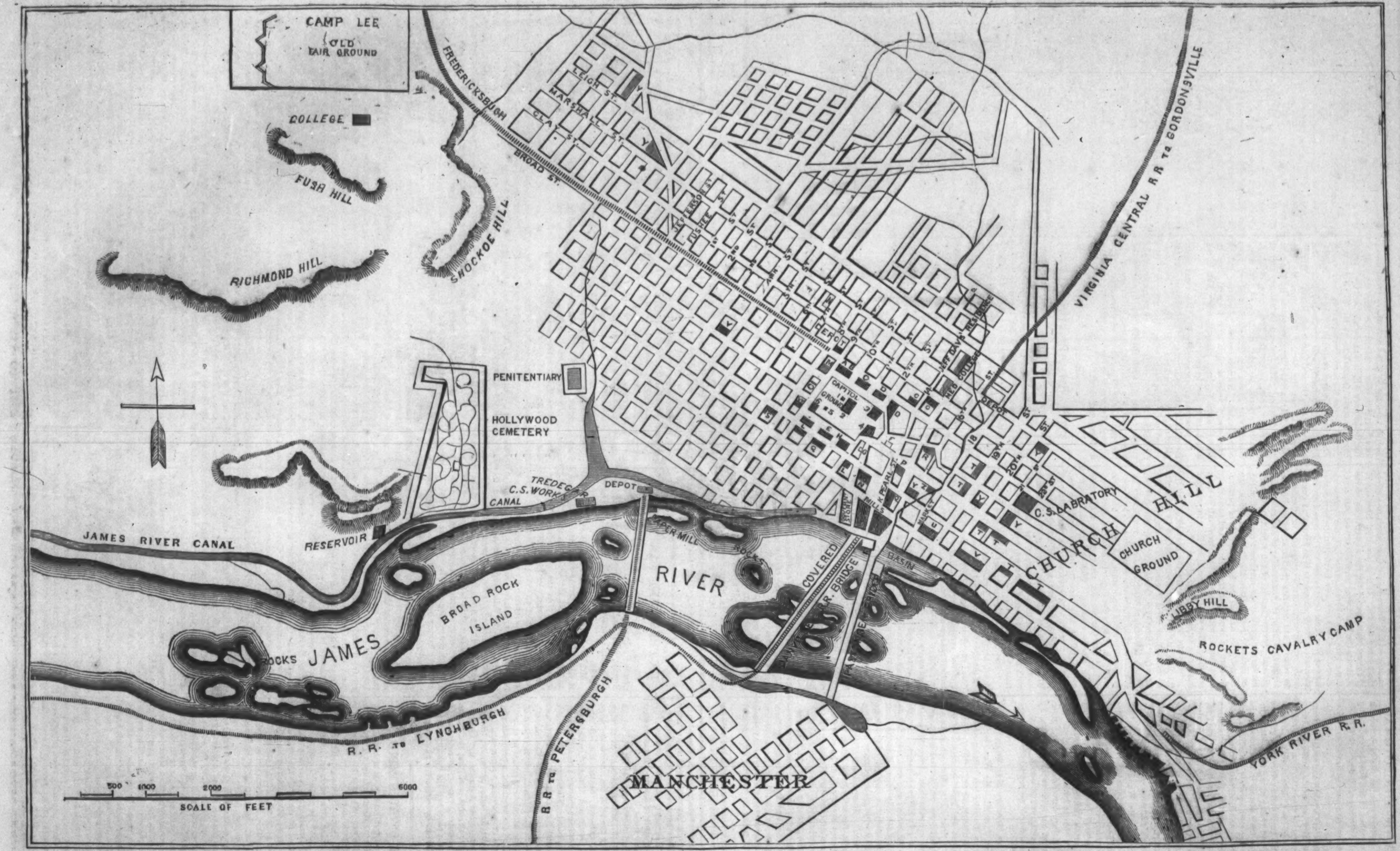
GENL SCHURZ'S ARMY AT THORNTON GAP.

CARL SCHURZ'S HEAD-QUARTERS
MIDDLETOWN.

HAPPY CREEK TROOPS PASSING THROUGH

SPERRYVILLE

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—SCENES ON THE MARCH.—Sketched by Mr. Davenport.—[See Pages 500 and 503.]


CAMP LEE
OLD FAIR GROUND
COLLEGE
FUSH HILL
SHOCKOE HILL
RICHMOND HILL
FREDERICKSBURGH
LEIGH ST.
MARSHALL ST.
CLAY ST.
BROAD ST.
VIRGINIA CENTRAL R R to GORDONSVILLE
PENITENTIARY
HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY
CAPITOL GROUND
TREDEGAR
C.S. WORKS
CANAL
DEPOT
JAMES RIVER CANAL
RESERVOIR
PAPER MILL
ROCKS
RIVER
BROAD ROCK ISLAND
ROCKS
JAMES
COVERED R.R. BRIDGE
BASIN
R.R. to LYNCHBURGH
R R to PETERSBURGH
MANCHESTER
C.S. LABRATORY
CHURCH HILL
CHURCH GROUND
LIBBY HILL
ROCKETS CAVALRY CAMP
YORK RIVER R.R.
500
1000
2000
6000
SCALE OF FEET

References.—1. Statue of Washington.—2. Capitol Building.—3. Governor's House.—4. City Hall.—5. Henry Clay's Statue.—6. Fire Tower.—A. General Passport Office.—B. Confederate States Stables.—C. Churches.—D. Huskin's Court.—E. Confederate States Treasury.—F. *Whig* Printing-office.—G. *Examiner* Office.—H. Confederate States General Post-office.—I. Confederate States Quarter-master.—K. Purveyor-General.—L. *Dispatch* News Office.—M. Monumental Hotel.—N. Confederate States Ordnance Dépôt.—O. Confederate States Clothing Bureau.—P. Exchange Hotel.—Q. American Hotel.—R. Castle Godwin Jail.—S. Spottswood House.—T. Tobacco Warehouses.—U. Marine Foundry.—V. Libby's Warehouse Jail.—X. Bank of Virginia.—Y. Hospitals.—Z. Provost-Marshal.—W. War Department.

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by a Refugee just escaped from Secessia.—[See next Page.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE continue in this number the reproduction of Mr. Waud's sketches of the six days' fighting before Richmond. On page 500 we illustrate

A CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY.

Mr. Waud writes:

"The Fifth Regular Cavalry, and small portions of some other cavalry regiments, made a dashing charge in the course of the afternoon of Friday, 28th, at the battle of the Chickahominy. Sweeping down upon the enemy, they drove the gunners from a battery, and riding along the lines of infantry, discharged their pistols in the faces of the soldiers. They suffered severely in officers and men, next day but one officer being able to report for duty. They expected that reinforcements would follow their charge, but none arrived; so, cut to pieces and dispirited, they returned, leaving behind the battery they had captured. It is superfluous to say that the Fifth was considered the finest cavalry regiment in the service."

On the same page we give a picture of

KEARNEY'S DIVISION AT WORK

on Monday, June 30. Mr. Waud says:

"In a fight, such as is represented in the picture, it is impossible to get a view of an extended line of battle from any one point. A majority of the battles so far have been of this description, usually termed bushwhacking—very deadly, but hardly affording a chance for a display of tactics. For the rest, the picture describes itself, and gives a good idea of what our soldiers have to stand up to in the Virginia swamps and woods."

On pages 504 and 505 we reproduce a picture representing the

BATTLE OF CHARLES CITY ROAD,

fought on Monday, June 30. Mr. Waud writes:

"For Franklin's division this portion of Monday's fighting was altogether an 'artillery duel'—one of the sharpest and most important of this eventful week. Porter's First Massachusetts Artillery alone hurled from 500 to 600 shells and spherical case-shot upon the enemy from this point, part of the time at only 200 yards' range. Upton's battery of brass Napoleons also fired with telling effect, although not so hotly engaged as the First Massachusetts, the enemy having gained the range of the latter battery with great accuracy during a portion of the action. This was one of the most desperate situations our army occupied in falling back upon the James River, and nothing but the savage endurance of our troops saved these divisions from destruction and capture. Slocum's heavy artillery fire, and the stubborn front which Kearney presented against greatly superior numbers, keeping the rebels at bay, and finally repulsing them with great slaughter, enabled these troops to retire upon the James River before the exhausted rebels had a thought of renewing the, for us, unequal contest.

"In this battle our troops were attacked on three sides, and on our left the pressure was so heavy that when Kearney's jaded troops fell back before heavy reinforcements of the rebels, the Confederate shell flew right across the ground held by our army into their own lines beyond the right. This did not last long. Kearney's soldiers, supported by the New Jersey brigade of Slocum's division, soon recovered the lost ground.

"In the sketch, Upton's on the left, and Porter's artillery to the right, are represented on a ridge gradually silencing the rebel fire; below the ridge the limbers and caissons; behind the left-hand caisson Doctors Davis and Ohlenschlager, with ambulances and medicine-chests; and, still nearer, the supporting regiments of infantry. On the left the veteran Sixteenth New York, in the white straw-hats so kindly presented to them by the Colonel's thoughtful lady—that Sixteenth whose return of casualties shows the astonishing record of only 12 missing to 228 killed and wounded, a proportion far below the average of most other regiments. On the right, lying down for better protection, like the Sixteenth, is another good regiment, the Twenty-seventh New York, and this is all that the nature of the country permits the artist to represent in one view; for when nearly all the fighting is done in the woods little can be seen at one glance."

THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VA.

ON page 502 we publish a plan of the CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, from a drawing made by a Union refugee who has just made his escape. He describes the city as follows:

"Like ancient Rome, Richmond stands upon seven hills, of which two, with an intervening valley, form the principal part of the city.

"Shockoe Hill contains that section to the north-west of which Broad Street forms the main artery, and Church Hill the part traversed by Main Street. These are the two principal business streets. The city is truly beautiful; its resemblance to Baltimore, particularly in the vicinity of Monumental Square, is very striking.

"The Capitol grounds are a highly-elevated symmetrically-sloping piece of ground, containing perhaps six or ten acres, in the centre of which the Capitol, an old stuccoed building, rears its insignificant pile; but whatever this unpretending, inadequate building lacks in elegance is redeemed by the colossal bronze equestrian statue of General Washington, who, from his high granite pedestal, looks ever peaceful and serene, like an ancient god, upon the ungodly crowd below him, his right arm gracefully stretched out, while his finger points to the distant west. A secession friend, while contemplating this master-piece of art, remarked to me, in a candid, jocular vein, that General Washington, while looking upon the rebel Congress, significantly points toward the penitentiary, which in reality rears its massive walls in the direction of his warning finger. The statues of Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Mason—not Slidell's Mason—stand in bronze around the base of the granite pile. Farther below, on a little mound, in a cozy, modest, white chapel, stands a chaste, marble statue, where Henry Clay seems to address the hushed Senate. It is a beautiful likeness of the great statesman. On the western side of the square is the War Department—a brown pure sandstone building, where General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief, and imbecile Randolph, the new Secretary of War, hold their levees. The crowd around this and other departments is so great that guards with crossed bayonets are constantly in attendance to restrict and regulate the impatient applicants. General Winder, the commander of Richmond, and general provost-marshal of the rebel forces, holds his fanatic sway at the northwest corner, fronting on Broad Street. Here the Passport Office, the Plug-Uglies, and all the blood-hounds of persecution are let loose upon the disloyal and suspected; here women with babes and children wait in tears and in vain for a permission to see their imprisoned husbands, fathers, and brothers.

"On the south side are the Post-office and (in the fine marble Custom-house erected by the United States) the rebel Treasury Department. The Transportation Office, the dépôts for volunteers from Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, etc., range side by side throughout the whole south side. The Huskins Court-house, a large stone building in the Doric style, also fronts the Capitol; here the court-martial of the Confederate army meets and passes their bloody verdicts. Woe to him who is summoned before this modern inquisition! In the western corner of the square is the plain house of plain Governor Letcher, who drinks nothing but whisky plain, of which he is reputed to consume immense quantities; and truly his ruddy nose, with prominent jewels bestrewn, bears ample testimony thereof.

"The hotels of the city—of which the Spottswood, kept by a New Yorker, and the Ballard and Exchange are the principal and the most expensive ones; the American, Columbian, Powhatan, Monumental—are all large buildings, where, for the modest charge of two dollars and a half, a person can starve at leisure. Two theatres continue to shed every night their celestial performances upon an enraptured sprouting chivalry, who come in immense crowds to appland the classic Dixie, which is the standing episode of drama in Richmond.

"On Carey and Main streets, in that part of the city situated upon Church Hill, are a series of large brick warehouses, through the grated windows of which—at all hours of the day—sad, pale, anxious faces and languishing eyes follow the passer-by. There are our brothers—prisoners, heart-broken, closely guarded. He who sees their wishful gaze will never forget them. The prisons are crowded. In May last a woman was arrested for throwing a note into one of the windows; since then the passers-by are not allowed to linger in front nor to walk on the inside of the trottoir. Guards with pointed bayonets admonish every pedestrian, not over-politely nor softly. Notwithstanding all the boastful proclamations of the rebels and their leaders, there is a spirit of despondency and gloom hanging over the doomed city, and every body seems to feel that the hour is coming."

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.

ON page 497 we give a portrait, from a photograph by Brady, of EX-PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN, who died at his residence, Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, on 24th July, aged eighty.

Mr. Van Buren was born on 5th December, 1782, at Kinderhook. His father was a man of moderate means, and gave his son a fair though not a collegiate education. At the age of fourteen young Martin began the study of law, and at the age of twenty-one opened an office at Kinderhook. He was an active politician for so young a man; and in 1808 was appointed Surrogate of Columbia County. In the following year he removed to Hudson, the county town, and practiced there for seven years. In April, 1812, he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1815 Attorney-General of the State, which appointment required him to remove his residence to Albany. He was removed in 1819, his party having been defeated at the polls, and he resumed his private practice, to which he devoted his attention till 1828, when he abandoned the profession altogether for politics. Already, in 1821, he had been elected United States Senator, and had taken a leading part in the consolidation of the Democratic party on the basis of opposition to protective tariffs, internal improvements at the expense of the General Government, and the United States Bank. In 1828 he was elected Governor of the State of New York. He only served three months, however; for in March, 1829, he was appointed Secretary of State by General Jackson, and resigned the Gubernatorial chair in consequence. He was a leading member of General Jackson's Administration; but on many occasions his influence was paralyzed by his rivalry with Mr. Calhoun, whose secessionist views were already becoming formed. Their mutual hostility became so marked that in 1831 Mr. Van Buren resigned, and was appointed Minister to England. But by the casting-vote of Mr. Calhoun, who hated Van Buren as a Northern man, he was not confirmed, and returned home at once. On his return he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury, and it was soon apparent that his popularity with the masses had been increased by the hostility displayed against him by the bilious leader of South Carolina. In May, 1832, he was nominated, and in November was elected Vice-President of the United States, General Jackson being re-elected to the Presidency. And on the ensuing National Convention of the Democracy, held in 1836, at Baltimore, he was nominated for President. His election followed as a matter of course, and in March, 1837, he was inaugurated. His Administration was not a happy one, owing to the commercial distress which prevailed throughout the country; and in 1840 the Democrats were badly beaten by the Whigs, and General Harrison was elected to the Presidency, many Southern leaders, guided by sectional views, having been led by Calhoun to distrust Van Buren as a Northern man. About this time the split in the Democracy which was occasioned by slavery began to make its appearance; Mr. Van Buren was chosen by the Northern Democrats as their leader. They were however beaten in Convention, in 1844, by the Southerners, who nominated Polk; and again in 1848, General Cass being deemed "sound" enough to suit the South. This time Mr. Van Buren's friends were not disposed to let the case go by default. The free-soil Democracy met at Buffalo in 1848, under the Presidency of C. F. Adams, present Minister to England, and nominated Van Buren on the platform of no more Slave States. He was beaten, of course; but he drew away votes enough from General Cass to elect General Taylor. Since then Mr. Van Buren has taken no part in politics.

In personal appearance Mr. Van Buren was about the middle size, his form erect and slender, but capable of great endurance. His features were animated and expressive, especially his eye. His forehead exhibited in its depth and expansion the marks of great intellectuality. The physiognomist would accord to him penetration, quickness of apprehension, and benevolence of disposition. The phrenologist would add unusual reflective faculties, firmness, and caution.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

WE devote page 501 to illustrations of the ARMY OF VIRGINIA, from sketches by our special artist Mr. Davenport. Thus far this army has done nothing but move forward, in detachments, toward a general rendezvous where the entire force is to be concentrated; hence Mr. Davenport's sketches are mere illustrations of scenery and encampments. They will, however, prove interesting. Front Royal, Middletown, Sperryville, etc., are now familiar names to the ear. Many a Northern household will be glad to see pictures of the places. General Pope was to leave Washington on 25th for his command, and we doubt not but his energy will soon afford Mr. Davenport an opportunity of making some stirring pictures. Pope will make a name for himself, if Providence permits.

STORKS.

THE stork is a biblical bird, a classical bird, a bird famous both in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The stork has supplied David and Jeremiah with illustrations, the Greeks with a law, Æsop with two fables, and a whole crowd of authors have panegyrized him in a variety of languages.

The stork is a migratory bird, passing the winter in the northern parts of Africa, and particularly Egypt, and setting out in spring for its summer quarters, which comprise Spain, France, Greece, Holland, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and even Denmark; in fact, nearly every country in Europe except England. In size the stork is somewhat larger than the heron; his plumage is snow-white, except the wings, which are black; the beak, legs, and claws are red. The food of these birds consists of all kinds of small mammalia, reptiles, frogs, and fish. The nest of the stork is an enormous fabric of sticks, straws, and other coarse materials, and is sometimes built in trees, but more usually on some part of a house-top, and notably the chimney, which is not unfrequently rendered thereby useless as a passage for smoke. Hence the custom which prevails in Holland, and indeed most countries where the stork breeds, of making a kind of artificial chimney or large box on the roofs of the houses, to serve as a receptacle for its nest; and whenever a pair of storks condescend to avail themselves of the abode provided for them it is esteemed a most fortunate auspice by the owner of the house. It is indeed curious to note in what high repute storks have been held from the very earliest ages. Their Hebrew name (Chasedah or Chaseedah) signifies "pious" or "benevolent;" and both among the Greeks and Romans the stork was the emblem of filial piety, of chastity, of conjugal fidelity, and of gratitude—"too many virtues, alas!" says a French ornithologist, "for a single bird." Most of our readers have heard what the ancients believed concerning the filial affection of storks—how that when the parents grew old, and incapable of feeding themselves, the young birds brought them food, and waited on them with all possible tenderness, even taking them on their backs and giving them a ride through the air; hence the law attributed to Solon, by which children were bound to support their parents in old age, was called the Pelargian or Stork law. It is certain that storks possess an unusual degree of affection for their young, and according to Buffon some instances have been observed of birds who were unable to fly, either from weakness or accidental injury, being fed by their stronger companions. Of the devotion of the parent storks for their offspring, a touching instance is recorded by Hadrian Junius in his "History of Batavia." In the year 1536 the town of Delft was half destroyed by fire, and when a female stork, who had been absent for some time in quest of food, returned to her nest she found the house on which it was built in flames. At first she endeavored with all her powers to extricate her young ones from the impending destruction, but they were unable to fly; and finding all her efforts useless, she at last covered them with her body, and allowed herself to be consumed along with those she was powerless to save. Another anecdote respecting storks and a conflagration is probably more apocryphal. According to this story, when the town of Kelbra, in Russia, took fire, the storks converted themselves into impromptu engines, and assisted to extinguish the flames: the precise way in which they set about it he has unfortunately neglected to record.

Michael Neander and that famous old ornithologist Ulysses Aldrovandus have collected a variety of anecdotes, more or less mythical, about storks, among which are the following:

"In the city of Tarentum there once lived a poor widow, who was inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and passed her time in the greatest poverty and misery. One day she saw a young stork, who, having attempted to fly before his wings were sufficiently grown, had fallen from the nest and broken his leg. Moved with compassion, she took up the poor bird, carried him home, and fed and nursed him till he was perfectly recovered and able to join his companions in their migration. Next spring, as the widow was sitting one evening near the sea-shore, confiding her melancholy to the waves, a stork suddenly descended as if from the clouds, and alighting in front of the afflicted widow, dropped into her lap from his beak a pebble as large as a dove's egg. Astonished at this behavior, she examined the pebble carefully, and though little acquainted with precious stones, she had no difficulty in guessing that it was a diamond, and of sufficient value to maintain her in affluence for the rest of her days. On taking the stork in her arms to give him a kiss for his generosity, she perceived from a scar on his leg that it was the identical bird she had nursed, and who now so munificently repaid her kindness."

Conjugal fidelity is a virtue which ranks very high among storks, and any infraction of it is punished with the utmost severity. Michael Neander relates that in the reign of Duke Hubert of Bavaria there was, at a town called Tangen, a flourishing colony of storks. One of these, however, was so far from imitating the example of Penelope, that even during the few hours that her spouse was daily absent in search of food, she was wont to lend too willing an ear to the seductive discourse of a youthful neighbor. One day the husband, returning earlier than was his wont, discovered the guilt of his frail partner; but not wishing to visit the sins of the mother upon her children, he dissembled his knowledge till the latter were grown up and had left the nest. Then, when the whole colony was collected together preparatory to the autumn migration, he led his erring spouse before the assembly, explained in brief but energetic language the conduct of which she had been guilty, and abandoned her to the justice of the people. This justice was terrible; she was condemned to immediate execution, and was instantly pecked to pieces, and her feathers scattered to the winds. The husband, though avenged, was inconsolable, and instead of accompanying the rest in their flight he betook himself to an uninhabited desert, and was never more heard of; "For," adds the translator, "there are some griefs of which it is easier to perish than to be cured."

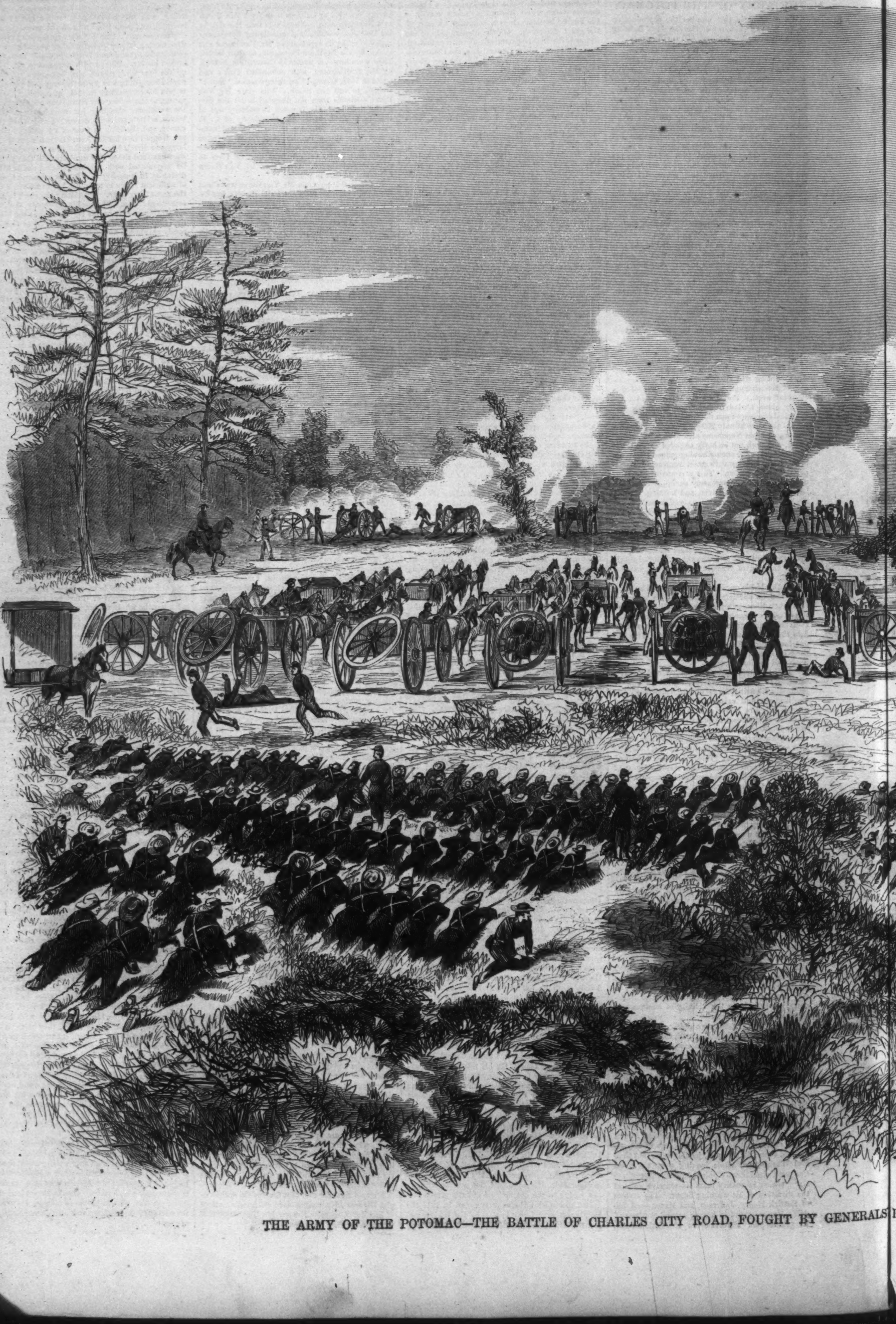
As a set-off to this, we doubt not, scandalous libel on storkish virtue, we are happy to meet with a more pleasing history: "A female stork at Vorarlberg, in the Tyrol, was accidentally wounded in one of her wings a few days before the general departure. Her spouse, who had already made all his preparations for the journey, no sooner saw that she was incapable of so long a flight, than he gave up all thought of traveling, and remained with her the whole winter, watching over her, and supplying her wants with all the attention of a lover." The narrator adds that a man can scarcely form an idea of the self-control which a bird of passage must exert over himself to restrain his longing to visit distant countries.

Respecting the sagacity of the stork Oppian has the following curious story: "A pair of storks had built a nest and hatched their young ones, but a serpent came up and devoured the latter before they were old enough to fly. This happened two years following; but on the third year the parents brought with them a strange bird, somewhat smaller than themselves, and having a large beak as sharp as a sword; to him they intrusted the care of the nest, and when the serpent came up for his meal as usual, the bird attacked, and, after a severe combat, killed him. In consequence, however, of the venomous bites inflicted by the serpent, the whole of the bird's feathers fell off; but the grateful parents took care of their champion, and fed him, and staid with him till his feathers were grown again, and he was able to accompany them to his native land."

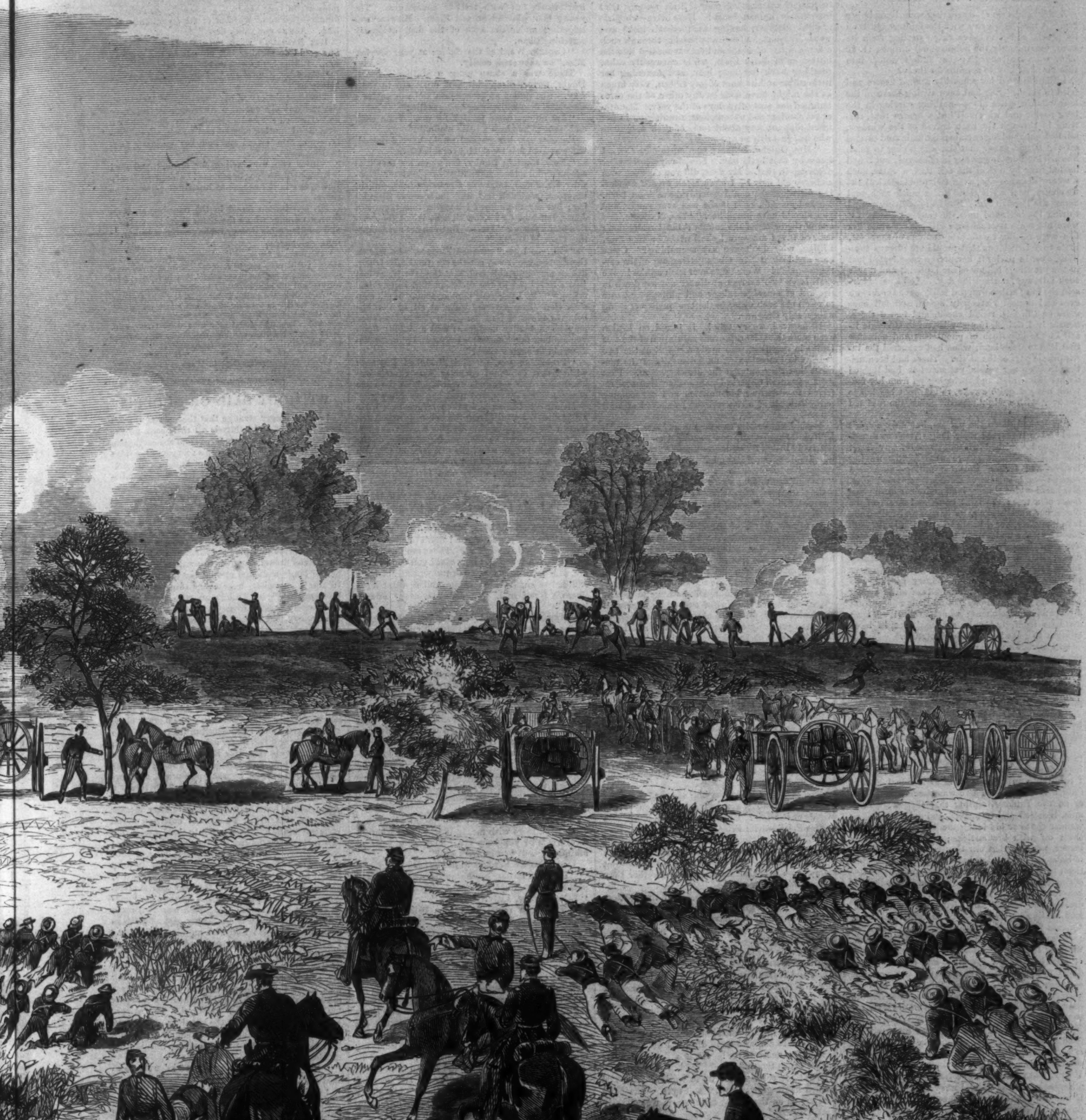
In Africa there is a gigantic species of stork called the marabou, which is of a domestic turn, and easily tamed. Smeathman gives an account of one of these birds who used to walk into the house at dinner-time and take his meal with the family; but he was rather apt to help himself in defiance of the ordinary rules of politeness, and one day he stuck his bill into a whole boiled fowl, and bolted it before it could be rescued from his devouring beak. On another occasion he behaved still worse, for in a fit of voracity he was so barbarous as to swallow the cat, treating that feline pet even worse than Care is proverbially said to do.

Storks are of immense service to mankind, especially in warm countries, from the quantity of reptiles and vermin of all kinds which they destroy: field-mice, snakes, lizards, worms, frogs, and even toads—nothing seems to come amiss to them. The Thessalians were so highly impressed with their utility that, according to Pliny, they made it a capital offense to kill a stork. Some tribes in Africa do not seem to have so much veneration for the stork; at least there is shown at Basel a stuffed stork with an African arrow right through his body. This little inconvenience had by no means prevented the bird from migrating as usual, only he flew awkwardly (we can well believe it), and appeared to be balancing himself on a pole, like an aërial Blondin. A swiss *savant* shot him out of curiosity, wishing to ascertain what the stork was carrying under his wings.

There is one peculiarity connected with these birds which we must not omit to mention; it is, that every author who has ever written about them seems inevitably compelled to draw a considerably longer bow than did the African who shot the arrow aforesaid; and lest we should be accused of doing the like, we will hasten to take our leave of the virtuous, interesting, and affectionate family of storks.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BATTLE OF CHARLES CITY ROAD, FOUGHT BY GENERALS



LS HEINTZELMAN AND FRANKLIN, ON MONDAY, JUNE 30.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 503.]

THE ROSE AND RING.

A rose and a ring!—there they were, lying in her lap. A half-blown rose with the faintest blush on its petals, and a massive ring dangling from its stem, bearing only the infinitesimal initials, H. L. They were real enough; they didn't vanish into thin air; but how to account for them?

Lillian knitted her smoothly arched brows and tried to think. She had been sitting there in the bow-window quite alone—nothing stirring in the long parlor and wide hall but a breeze that, rustling in through the open leaves of the window, swelled out the long curtains like sails, and carried off the stupid paper that she was trying to read. She had intended to go after it, of course; but it had floated over by one of the tall Parian vases, such a weary distance—between two problematical little chairs, past a gilt stand and a music rack, and across the Persian rug. She had positively a mind to ring the bell, and then she couldn't decide if it were not more trouble after all. Meanwhile her feet were resting comfortably on one of those fat, little round cushions that people are always tumbling over in parlors; her pretty head rested just in the luxurious hollow of the fauteuil, and it was such a drowsy, murmuring day. And spite of herself, the long lashes dropped softly over the brown eyes and opened virtuously again, and fell once more on the fair, round cheek, and rested there. Senses had dulled, thought begun to entangle itself in the labyrinth of phantasms and nonsense that lead to sleep-land, when had occurred the inexplicable part of the affair. There had been neither footstep nor rustle, yet somehow had lighted on her lips a kiss, and springing up from her fauteuil, not yet quite awake, rolled from her lap to the floor, with a slight metallic chink, the rose and ring.

She looked down the parlors, but only a spirit could have traversed their long stretch so soundlessly, and vanished without trace of any kind. She looked without; there were faintly waving boughs and leaves, sunshine falling—checkered patches—on broad lawns and brown gnarled boles. She heard a bird singing loud and clear in the cool heart of a tree; the faint creak and strain of the *Sallie*, her uncle's sloop, as it rose and fell on the lake-like river, her sails showing partially through the trees; the undertoned talk of two or three of her crew lounging near in their rough sailor's dress: that was all—and yet that was Harry Lidek's ring—the one he had promised her to wear till they should meet again—Harry Lidek! who must be at that moment hundreds of miles away; who could not travel one foot on their soil without arrest and imprisonment; whom, in short, not even madness itself, but only art-magic, could have brought there to her uncle's plantation.

So absorbed was she that she never even heard the smart click of her cousin Nathalie's slippers on the polished floor till she was close upon her.

"What on earth are you thinking of, Lillian? That face might do for the Secretary of War, or our poor President himself."

"Thinking of? Oh! nothing. I was dozing, I believe;" and with a guilty start and flush Lillian slipped the rose and ring into her bosom.

"Dozing! No wonder: you have been trying to read that paper which, though the thing seems impossible, grows more stupid every day. Now I can tell you what is in it as if I had read it (which I haven't). There was the ferocious leader on the Yankees, stating that they were cowards, besotted and incapable, and only making us wonder that our old ladies don't go out and drive them off with broomsticks; there is the other leader, proving that our Government is made up of imbeciles, equaled only by the people who suffer them to govern. There is a letter about the valor of the regiment that stormed and carried a Federal hen-coop; and a paragraph about our home-spun dresses, the beauty and virtues of Southern women, ending by comparing us to those Roman and Spartan frights. Now isn't that the way it reads?"

"Yes—that is, I believe so," answered Lillian, who had scarcely heard at all.

"See here, Lilly! I want to talk to you." And down went Nathalie, regardless of her organdie flounces, beside her cousin. "I am boiling over with treason. If that dear, handsome Beauregard only knew what is in my heart, he would have me shot for an example! I am positively pining for Newport. I would give my stone cameos for a good old-fashioned redowa with some of the enemies of my country that I could mention—Harry Lidek or Max Grainger, for instance. (Apropos of Harry, I saw his name in a Northern paper; he is a lieutenant in the Federal navy.) And, my dear, if our Revolutionary grandmothers dressed like dowdies, it doesn't console me for Le Bon Ton and Demorest in the least. All my dresses are last year's fashion, and I am sure they have something twice as pretty at Stewart's. Then I so want to hear from the girls—Lar Baracole, Belle Bayadere, and the rest! And as for a good, earnest, downright flirtation, I have scarcely had one since they fired on Sumter. All the men now are so fearfully serious; want you to marry them before they go—which, of course, isn't to be thought of. I did hope to keep in practice with Eustace; but since he chooses to be so sweet on you—oh! there is Hercules and his white apron, sign indisputable of dinner! My dear, don't you mean to dress?"

Ludlow tells us that, even at the height of the hasheesh delirium, some mysterious principle within him sat apart reasoning on his vagaries and keeping guard over the proprieties. So with Lillian.

The enforced calm and resignation that had so long been hers was broken up; the premonition of some coming crisis was strong upon her; her heart throbbed painfully; nervous shudderings thrilled her through. What is this? Where is he? she asked herself again and again, till she grew half afraid that she had spoken the words aloud; and, as she stood before her dressing-table, peered sharply through the veil of her long hair to see if she could read any thing like surprise or distrust on her cousin's face. But Nathalie sat idly playing with one of the crystal bottles, humming to herself snatches of merry little songs. Oh! inscrutable human heart! Here were two girls cradled together, having each other's looks and words by heart, and one was passing through such a fierce agony of doubt and fear as seemed like the bitterness of death itself, while outwardly calm, combing back her long hair, and fastening her little collar and its knot of gay ribbon, very much as she might have done on any other of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The other sat careless and unconscious, running on in her usual flippant way about some of their neighbors who had just driven up.

"Mrs. Ogleby, Lillian; coming to dine too. I know by that little box. She always carries her dress cap in that. My dear, did you ever see such a cheery old lady? I often catch myself wondering for what she could possibly have been born. I asked mamma once if she was ever young, and you should have heard her. 'Yes, Nathalie, and one of the belles of the county;' but I really don't believe it. I am sure I shall never be like that. Lillian, why don't you say something? Come here and look at Miss Clara getting out of the carriage—quick! Were there ever such ankles! We shall have two courses at dinner not set down in the bill of fare—genealogy and philosophy—sure to resemble each other in the one quality of being unbearably tiresome."

Ill-natured, weary talk! It jarred on Lillian even more than the rapturous salutation of the two ladies in question, who made a "set" at the two cousins in the orthodox feminine fashion the moment that they entered the drawing-room. That over, advanced Captain Danby—the "Eustace" referred to—wearing his uniform and a becoming pallor—result of a severe wound received at Bull Run.

Nathalie gave him two fingers and a saucy nod. Lillian did not look up; only suffered her hand to lie passively in his for an instant, and then withdrew it. Behind him followed Nathalie's father, like, as the irreverent little beauty whispered Lillian, "a small tug puffing along with a large tow in its wake;" the tow consisting, in this instance, of a bronzed, athletic young man in sailor's dress, and as shy as a girl.

"Captain Ward, of the *Sallie*," said Dr. Carrington, presenting him. "Treat him well, girls; he is a hero. He volunteered to bring the sloop here, and ran the gauntlet of the Federal vessels when Captain Brown was afraid to come. There goes dinner. Lillian, take the Captain's arm!"

Lillian bowed, murmured something to vacant space, and rested the tips of two white fingers on the awkwardly proffered arm with a reluctance that was probably equal parts hauteur and indifference; and yet he was not so ill-looking, this lumbering hero! If he could have solved the problem of his remarkably well-shaped hands and feet, if he had been a little less gipsy-like in complexion and ursine as to the matter of hair, if his clothes could even have been induced to do any thing but hang on him, he might have been superb. Eyes of that clear blue that so often deepens into black, and is always shaded by long dark lashes; a mouth at once sweet and determined; clear-cut features, broad shoulders, deep chest, and well-shaped limbs, were not altogether amiss even in the Captain of the *Sallie*, thought Nathalie, for Lillian had forgotten to look at him.

Mrs. Ogleby fastened on him at once.

"Ward—Ward; are you any relation of the Wards of Raleigh? Their great-grandmother was a Miss Price—Belle Price, sister of the—"

"Oh, mother!" interrupted Clara; "please don't set Captain Ward climbing his family tree before dinner, at least. Get him to tell us something about those dreadful Yankees, and whether they are coming here or not."

"Little danger, Miss Clara," said the Doctor, shortly. "We'll give them enough to do at home. Their young men will have other business besides promenading Broadway, I reckon."

Nathalie sighed.

"But it is hard, after all. Think of it. Eustace met Harry Lidek on some of their expeditions, and Harry struck up a Yankee bayonet leveled at Eustace's breast. That was like generous, saucy Hal. And think, too, of the Graingers. It don't seem as if they could be our enemies."

"Enemies!" echoed her father. "Nathalie, I loved Harry Lidek; but if he stood here now, may God do so to me, and more also, if I did not hang him on the nearest tree! He is a double traitor. He was born South."

Waves of color surged up in Lillian's face, and sudden flame glowed in her soft eyes. The hand that rested on the young sailor's arm was slightly pressed.

"Does Lillian indorse that?" was asked, in a very low but distinct voice, close in her ear.

She looked up in utter amazement; and as she met the singular glance fastened on her face sudden faintness came upon her. She clung now to the despised arm.

"Because," he went on, "I see that you wear a rose and ring."

Lillian began to tremble violently. Her ashy lips parted, but gave forth no sound.

"What is the matter?" asked Eustace, bending on her a look that was almost a frown; "are you ill?"

"No; it is nothing," gasped Lillian.

"Oh! I am really glad to hear it, though 'nothing' certainly affects you very strangely. Do you know I almost thought that your companion had been saying something to agitate you?"

Lillian made no answer. Indeed she seemed incapable of speaking, and sat almost like a statue through all the chattering and the clatter and the courses, the monotonous talk of Mrs. Ogleby and the maddening truisms of her daughter. It really seemed to her that Mrs. Carrington never would give the signal to rise; and when at last it came, as her strange companion again proffered his arm, with his other hand he seized and held her little fingers in his for an instant. Lillian shrank back.

"In the name of God who are you?" she said under her breath, but with terrible earnestness. The young man glanced around them. Eustace was lingering under the arch of the door evidently watching them.

"Captain Ward of the *Sallie*; at your service, Miss," he answered, coldly.

There was a sharp pang at Lillian's heart. Doubt, terror, disappointment must out in some way. She pulled away her arm and ran out at a side-door, first whispering to Nathalie:

"Let no one come to look for me. I am sick, and want to be alone a little while."

Eustace saw her go and would have followed, but was held fast by the inexorable Clara.

"Now, Captain Danby, don't you see that it is a more philosophical and philanthropic view? Consider Mr. Jones simply as a cross-grained, selfish, snappish, snobbish fact, and he becomes disgusting; but say to yourself I imagine that there is a Jones, but how do I know that he is not the creation of my fancy? He— But you are not following, Captain Danby."

"Oh, yes I am," groaned Eustace, who was on thorns, because it was not the creation of his fancy, but an uncomfortable fact, that Captain Ward had just strolled out in the direction that Lillian had taken. "Oh, I beg your pardon, then. Well, consider that Jones may not exist at all, or that the being or presence that has given rise to my fancy may be in reality benignant and amiable; don't you see how much more elevating and philosophical would be such a view?"

"Probably; yes, certainly," sighed Eustace: wished that he dared consider Miss Clara's one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois as the mere creation of his fancy, and treat her accordingly.

Meanwhile Lillian had taken refuge in a little arbor situated a mile from the house, on what was known on the plantation as the Knoll; but she had hardly thrown herself, sobbing bitterly, on the little rustic hedge, when the tall form of Captain Ward parted the hedge and stood before her. She started up at once, angry and terrified, but he caught her hands.

"Lillian, my little darling, don't you really know me? Does a little paint and a wig alter me so very much?"

"Harry! Harry Lidek!" Then drawing back, "Oh, I am half afraid of you! don't touch me yet! Are you sure it is yourself? Those are your eyes, and it is your voice, but how could you come here? Oh, Harry! if it is you, don't torment me. I have suffered so much this morning, and in utter loneliness. I felt as if shut out from every human heart."

"My poor little girl! you need feel so no longer. As for my coming, that was simple enough. We captured the *Sallie* trying to run the blockade; helped ourselves to her papers, and the rig of her crew, and came down here to pick up information. That is, the others did: as for me, I confess that my chief anxiety was to see if my little Lilly would keep the promise that she made me when we parted. You can never know what a thrill I felt when, wandering about the grounds, I came on you sleeping in that dear old bow-window. I couldn't help kissing you, and then I dropped the rose and ring, thinking that you might guess that I was here."

"I did, Harry; but it seemed so impossible, and I was so foolish, that I thought it must have been your spirit, only spirits don't leave such substantial tokens. But oh, Harry! go at once; you are so dreadfully imprudent!"

"Your promise, Lilly; you promised when I came back to go with me, be it when and where it would. Will you keep it? The *Sallie* sails at midnight; will you go with me?"

Lillian buried her face in her hands.

"I will be father, brother, sister—all to you;" pleaded the young lieutenant, softly and eagerly. "Take courage, Lilly. Say yes."

"Venez ma reine, venez ma belle," chanted Eustace's voice among the trees.

"Quick!" urged Harry. "Speak, Lilly. Will you come?"

"Yes, if I am alive," answered Lillian, with sudden and strange vehemence, and breaking from his hold fled back to the house like a startled bird.

How the intervening time passed she hardly knew. People sung, talked, did various unmeaning and everyday things about her. The hours (cycles they seemed to her) dragged away, the house hushed itself at last. At midnight she slipped from her cousin's side, and began hurrying on her clothes; but every board had taken unto itself a creak, every drawer had grown mulish and refused to open, and in her agitation she knocked over a chair. On the instant Nathalie's black eyes were wide open, and her little muslin night-cap perched up over the side of the bed.

"Lillian, where are you going? What does this mean?"

"I want my salts; I left them in the library; and my head is intolerable."

"I should think so when you put on your hat and shawl, and take a bundle in your hand to look for your salts! Come back. Stop, Lillian! If you stir one step I will alarm the house."

Lillian came back and stood by the bed, white as marble, and with dilated, flashing eyes.

"Lillian, you were going to run away."

"I am going to run away."

"What do you mean?"

"I promised to come if alive, and I will go or die." Then suddenly throwing herself on her knees, and grasping her cousin's hand, "Oh, Nathalie, my little sister, pity me! I have suffered so this dreadful day. Harry Lidek is here; he dined with us to-day."

Nathalie struck her hands together.

"I knew it! I knew there was something odd about that Captain Ward."

"Nathalie, you know how long we have loved each other; but you can never know what it has been to be separated from him, my life, my other self. When we parted before I could only guess what sorrow it would be; but now that I have felt it, I would rather die than endure it again. Alarm the house if you choose, Nathalie. His life and mine are in your hands. You heard your father at dinner—you know whether or not I could survive him. Act as you think best."

But Nathalie's weak nature was past acting. She could do nothing but crouch on the bed and sob. Lillian bent down and kissed her.

"Good-by, little sister! I do not think you will betray us."

Then lest the cry at her heart should burst out, she ran quickly out at a little door in the lower hall of which she had stolen the key, pursued by a wretched haunting of grief and wrong, till suddenly strong arms seized and held her against a fast-beating heart.

"Bless you, my darling, for coming, and God help me to make your happiness!" whispered Harry Lidek, low in her ear, as he hurried her toward the shore.

Mr. Carrington found in the morning an open door, a vacancy where the *Sallie* should have been, and a note on his library table, reading as follows:

> "*Dr. Carrington:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—For your hospitality of yesterday I am obliged; still more for the kind intentions that you were good enough to express in my behalf, though far be it from me to afford you an opportunity to execute them.
>
> "Your sloop, the *Sallie*, is our prize, and will doubtless do good service in a better cause, but I offer no apology for carrying off my little Lilly. She was promised me, as you know, long ago, and I only take what is my own. With love to Nathalie, and kind regards for Mrs. Carrington, I remain Yours respectfully,
>
> "H. Lidek
>
> "(*alias* Captain Ward of the *Sallie*)."

WITHOUT SAIL OR RUDDER.

It is no longer strange that the men of the sea have a dialect and habitude all their own, for the heavens are not more sundered from the earth than is their life from the landsman's; no possible bridge may unite these hemispheres of human existence. No spires or mountains to mark localities; no mile-stones or finger-posts to point highways; shut forever in a rounded box of sea and sky till land becomes a doubtful memory, and when they meet a sail they ought, but for hardening repetition, to be aghast at each other's spectral looks—how could it be but that shadow and substance are confused, and the harbor and the hard earth under foot seem but a brief dream, from which awakened there will be the long swell and eternal lay of blue again? In this unconscious haze every thing is possible. I accept the Flying Dutchman, who never makes land merely because he never falls asleep; his eyelids are dry, but let him shut them and he will see towers and hear the bells in them. The men of Columbus's day were certainly right. We have slid down this glassy slope out of sight of land, and it is hopeless to think of climbing back.

Some such reflections as these, even more misty than I have made them here, I had as I stood leaning over the taffrail of a Gloucester schooner on a July afternoon of several years ago. Like thousands of others, in my haste to make a great blaze at the start, I had recklessly burned in a year the fuel Nature had laid up for a dozen, and was grown so suddenly old that, like Scrooge, I could see my own head-stone and epitaph just ahead; so I left my printed books for housekeeper, priest, and barber to burn if they liked, and started off to cut a leaf for myself in the great unfathomable book whose leaves have been opening one after another since the first day. Be careful how you spend your strength, and then come to steal a look into this volume, for the reading demands clean hands; come tottering with your fire going out and your foundations dry-rotted through, and try to peep into it for a panacea to set you on your legs again, and presto! Nature turns the leaf and shuts it down, and you are embalmed, a luckless fly, pressed out flat for the next full-grown man that reads to smile at. This was almost my case; but I was penitent, and was let off with an admonition. As I said, I had grown old and had gone after the Fountain of Youth, as a new Adalantado of any number of cities; but the old one sought fresh water, and I was after salt. As I am not to tell my own story, I must drop metaphor and get the sea out of my head; I was only on board a schooner bound to the Bay after mackerel. The skipper came and touched me on the shoulder. I started, and the Adalantado and the Dutchman went back between their covert. "I was asleep?" said I, inquiringly.

"Bit misty 'bout the eyes; gettin' used to it, that's all. First trip out, ain't it?"

I nodded.

"Thought so," said the skipper. "Fresh-water enthusiasm—know it soon's I see it. You chaps that been out fishin' on the lakes allers have it worse'n them 't hain't seen any water 'cept what they wash their faces in; you get a sort o' confused idee into your heads, an' it's all got to come out afore you can get the true one in. Only one remedy for't—same's for sea-sickness—and that's to keep at it till you're used to it. Now an' then, when there ain't fish in sight, an' every thin's snug 'bout ship, I like to take a look at these things myself. I've been watchin' you these ten minutes; while you was lookin' down so hard I didn't know but you was sick, and I dare swear you hain't noticed how neat it looks off that side?"

I turned to gaze, and sure enough, in the skipper's phrase, it *was* "neat." We were then near the middle of the Bay, headed for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. A light wind broke ripples under the bows; the sun hung, a crumpled coppery disk, from the bottom of a watery cloud, and splintered slanting bolts of dull red fire on the masts of a vessel under him; the sea crawled away in lessening wrinkles until they blended with the horizon that bound them in; Anticosti Island lay vast in the distance like a shadow; and behind a white misty screen I could see other schooners, some with bits of cloud for sails, and some with their masts and cordage marked in relief against the skyey back-ground; sea, air, and sky, these three, seemed met in transfiguration. I called the skipper's attention to another object that loomed up in our rear, a white, shapeless thing which might be a vessel, only it had no outlines; had some ocean-spirit suddenly taken form, or was Amphitrite floating to us on her morning-conch with curtains of cloud drawn round her?

"Guess 'tain't none o' *them*," said the skipper, after we had watched it a while; "I think it's one o' them things that knows what became o' the *Pacific;* it looks to me jus' like a berg, though it's mighty oncommon for one to get through in here."

Sure enough it was an iceberg—lonesone, half-melted thing! A sacrifice to Fate or its desire of travel; without oars or fins, there was no return when it once cast loose from recesses of Arctic night and headland—it had come through the Straits, spilling its life in the sea along its track, pale and quivering with the fatal warmth.

Perhaps I spoke out my thought. "Don't pity it," said the skipper; "it does me good to see it melt; it hadn't any business to be comin' this way. Them things look sleek in a picter', but 'tain't any more like the real things than a starved bear in a cage is like a real Rocky grizzler. This is jus' as nigh's I ever want to get to such a thing's that; ever sence I was up 'mong 'em where they grow it allers gives me the shakes to see one, an' I gen'rally give 'em plenty o' sea-room."

Aglow with curiosity at the prospect of such a novelty as a genuine sailor's yarn, I prompted the skipper with all zeal, and was rewarded by the certain sign of a fresh quid.

"'Twas some dozen years ago, when all kinds o' fishin' was better'n 'tis now, whalin' as well's the rest, for they hadn't got up these coal-burnin' 'bominations then, I was comin' home from a cruise in this bay, 'fore I got to be runnin' for myself. We'd jus' got through the Gut an' was headed for the cape, when we met a brig beatin' along to windward an' makin' speakin' signals. We see by her rig she wa'n't a fisherman, an' by the way she was handled she'd got a green set aboard, but she come 'longside an' told us she was from Boston, bound up north for the sport of it; a painter 'd chartered her, an' was crazy to go where he could sketch the ice from the life, he said. He come round in his boat himself, a bright-eyed, steel-springy, little chap; I see he'd got the true grit an' handled his oars neat, but a'ter all, it wasn't jus' nat'ral, he was used to mahog'ny an' red cedar more'n to white-ash. He said he'd hired his brig an' his men, but the lubbers 'd backed out, but he'd be d—d if he didn't go ahead if he had to swim for't; give him one decent man to spell him an' he'd send all he'd got back an' push along; an' he wanted to see any sailor on that fleet 'twas smart an' spunky enough to go say so an' name his price. This kind o' touched me in the right spot an' I was on my taps in a minute, an' told him I was his man. I asked him 'bout how fur up he meant to go, an' he said he didn't know any thin' about it; he was goin' till he got a sketch to suit him, if he had to squat on the end o' the North Pole. Father—he was skipper then an' I was sailin' under him—told me to mind my eye an' steer clear o' that scrape; but it didn't make no difference, I picked up a few things an' jumped into the boat. Probably I should been smarter if I hadn't been so smart; but young folks is obstreporous, an' I was only two-an'-twenty; besides, I was to go out on a craft of my own next time if we'd had good luck this trip; but it happened jus' so't we didn't, an' we was comin' home sheepish enough with our strike-barrels next to empty, an' so I was cross an' blue an' mos' ready for any thin' that come along; an' the offer of ten dollars a week an' a command of my own—that was the real spot 'twas touched, to be on my own deck a'ter bein' jus' cheated out of it—was more'n I could stand. I don't think I half heard what father said; fact is, a'ter a boy's old enough so't you can't make him mind it don't do no good to give him advice, for he'll take his course jus' as fur's he can get from what you tell him, an' I've heard folks say't a skittish horse, though I don't know myself for I never druv one, never takes the bit in his teeth till you try to hold him in a little—then he's off.

"But as I said, I'd gone an' done it 'thout stoppin' to think, an' the first I came to consider that I'd better have looked afore leapin' the old schooner was a little speck down south, an' instid o' bein' home in Gloucester in four days I was bound the Lord knew where, an' to be home the Lord knew when. But it don't mend a broken line to cry, an' I thought leastways I hadn't got to sneak home like a kicked cur; I was on my own deck an' a bigger craft it was than any mackerel-smack, an' I was sure to go where I should see somethin' new an' have a big yarn to spin if ever I got back. To be sure, I'd left a girl behind me, a tall lass straight an' trim's a bow, one 't could break wrists with most fellows who think they're cordy; but that didn't fret me much, for I knew she'd wait patiently, an' in fact every girl 't promises herself to a sailor knows the sea's got a promise of him as well's she an' may get its claim first. I couldn't have faced *her* after comin' back empty; father was older an' wouldn't mind it so much, 'cause every body knew he was a good hand, but my case was different, I'd got to show my smartness or 'twas all up with me.

"I found young Kellerton as good a fellow as ever was, only two or three years older'n me; I could hugged him for his grit, for he was a little ahead o' me there. He was jus' the sort o' company to keep off the dumps, an' the brig was a dull sailer, lumberin' an' rollin' a good deal, as if she wa'n't well balanced, though she was tough an' stanch for all that; besides, he'd sent off all but three o' the hands, so't it kep' us busy as bees to work the ship, an' somethin' to do's the best way to keep content. 'Twa'n't so easy by half as I thought, but I could manage things pretty well; a keen, quick eye, an' a steady hand that does what the eye says 'thout stoppin' to argy, are what you want to get along anywheres in the world, an' we both had *them*, so we didn't fear; but when we'd rounded Cape Race an' was fairly headed north the men begun to look white 'bout the gills, an' I—well, I was a little shaky, but Kellerton said he'd run into St. Johns an' land any man 't said so, but not one of 'em spoke. There wa'n't really no great danger ahead, but you must remember we was all young an' used to short cruises 'long shore, an' started in haste with some bad signs an' bad luck, not knowin', either, where we was bound to; but I believe I shouldn't backed out then if I'd known for certain I was never comin' back.

"It wasn't long afore we met our first iceberg, in a foggy morning so thick you couldn't see two yards from the wheel; the fog squatted on the water like a big sticky jelly, but the stars twinkled confusedly overhead, an' all a sudden a sort o' lane opened 'fore us with gray walls 't you couldn't see into an' couldn't hardly break a dent in, an' right ahead was a berg as big agen as the one you jus' see, as high's a church steeple set adrift on end, an' lookin' ghostly enough—I could see the freeze all over its sides. It come down the lane an' we sheered off as well's we could, but it grazed us when it slid by, makin' the brig shiver as though the touch felt cold.

"I don't remember any thin' more 'twas extr'ordinary till we got pretty well into Baffin's Bay; we stopped at one place where the natives live, an' I vow, fishin' ain't the cleanest business, but I thought I never see dirt afore. We got a few o' their dogs, to be in the fashion, though we didn't think of ever usin' 'em; as for furs an' supplies, Kellerton 'd laid in enough to serve through two winters. Them are queer waters to sail in, up there; instid o' genuine waves there's a little choppin' sea slappin' on the bows, an' the wind acts as if 'twas lost, sinks down a while an' then on a sudden gets up an' whops round one way an' 'nuther, ragin' an' tearin', as if 'twas a wild beast 't had got into a pit; every thin's turned round, and if there's any fishes I believe they swim tail first; there ain't no sound to be heard nor any livin' thing to be seen 'long shore, an' what green things there is looks as if they'd jus' stuck up their heads an' was too scared to grow any higher—you never see a sail, an' it's lonesome v'yagin'.

"But when we got up to where 'twas ice an' nothin' but ice, what with the crackin' an' grindin' there was noise an' excitement enough. Seems to me the Lord didn't finish this part the world, an' left all the materials lyin' round loose an' piled in great heaps. I ain't book-larned, though I read some when I'm in-shore, an' all I can 'member o' them places is a sort o' jumbled mess o' chunks, all mixed up together. There was bergs in all shapes: some like a mountain tipped upside down; pinnacly fellers runnin' up to a point as sharp's a needle; thin ones turned up on edge, lookin' like a sheet with a hole torn in it; some was stretched out full length fast asleep in the path, an' some juttin' over the water an' threat'nin' to fall, with long spars o' ice hangin' down off their heads. I can't tell half their shapes, but I couldn't get rid o' the notion that they was live critters sailin' about there so white and slow; and there was cliffs o' hard stone made into stairs as reg'lar's if they'd been cut with a knife, with moonshine tumblin' down 'em, an' every thin' looked big an' misty. We went along like as if we was goin' over dry land a'most, part the time in fogs, in the openin's in the ice; sometimes they'd open all nice till we'd got in, an' then shut an' squeeze the brig like a pair o' nut-crackers, an' we'd be penned 'thout a chance to move either way, but pretty soon they'd open their jaws an' let us out; an' bimeby a big berg 't had been lyin' in wait for us 'ud slide out of his hole meanin' to jam us agen the shore, the wind meanwhiles haulin' off to see the sport, and lettin' our sails flap down so't we'd have to get out a line an' make a race, all hands a-tuggin', an' the white monster 'd grind by so close we couldn't get the blade of a knife 'twixt his nose an' the ship's side. There was as many pretty sights as we could spare eyes for, but we wanted eyes all over our heads to see it all. The sun used to get up at midnight sometimes an' peek over the top of a berg, an' then the little white clouds off a good ways 'ud be like washed mats o' wool tied up with gilt strings, an' it seemed 's if the Lord's big furnace o' light had burst an' all the hot gold was a-drizzlin' from the bottom down onto the ice, an' spreadin 's it cooled; an' a'ter a while it 'ud shift a bit, an' there'd be a splosh of all sorts o' colors, an' instid o' gold a string o' diamonds an' all sorts o' jewels 't I don't know the names of 'ud come slippin' down—you could most hear 'em *ching* when they struck the ice. I used to look at Kellerton those times, an' I've seen his cheeks flush up red for all the world like a girl's, so't he looked positively han'some; I've always thought 'twas a pity such nice shows must be stuck way off to the top of the world where there's nobody but bears and walruses livin' to get the good of 'em, an' a man can't go after 'em 'thout riskin' his neck. But that's the way allers; you can't see the inside of a hole 'thout you put your head in it an' run your chances.

"Well, we worked 'long in this way till we'd got somewheres near the upper end o' Melville Bay. We wasn't much afraid, for we hadn't been through any thin' very solid, seein' we started early in the season, an' we knew 'twas safe enough while there was an openin' behind us; we'd no notion to get wedged in, but we was sure we could break our way back where 'twasn't open water, an' I s'pose, too, there was a kind o' excitement about it makin' us crazy to go ahead. But 'twouldn't do to risk it any further, for it'd now got close onto September, an' so we hauled up under the lee o' the biggest berg we could find, thinkin' to start south in a week an' then make quick time. Kellerton 'd got his book pretty full o' sketches, good sketches they was, too, but them places is so wild an' topsy-turvy like, 't I declare I couldn't tell, 'bout some the picters, which side up to hold 'em; the sea an' sky both is pretty much alike, an' icebergs ain't like other things, they lay in the water jus' as it happens; but some o' his figures o' bergs topplin' over look nat'ral enough: I can most hear the thump when they hit the water, and I'll show you some I've got in my bunk yet when we turn in. Kellerton couldn't use his paints out the cabin any, of course, an' not much any way, every thin' stiffens up so—he used to say he'd give his eye if he could only reach up an' get one brushful o' the sun's color; but he'd take his sketchin' frame an' go off, he and I, with the dogs a-scamperin' ahead, half a dozen miles from the brig, over the fields o' ice to draw, an' we had jolly times, for he was a crack hand to take hold of any thin', an' as good's a forecastle mess at yarns. He beat me out-and-out at shootin' all through, for he'd lived whole summers in the woods, while I was green at the business, an' somehow never could hold the thing steady. Two birds was all my game, an' I had a notion 't I'd take a seal home to show, any way. So I left him alone a mile or two from the brig, with a peaked berg liftin' up its head out o' fog an' mist on his paper, an' set off without the dogs, fur I didn't want their company, an' besides, they was unruly critters an' went jus' where they was a mind to. Not knowin' then the trick o' walkin' behind a screen, I couldn't get near enough to the seal for a decent shot till I'd gone quite a piece, an' at last I see one asleep an' managed to hit him by creepin' pretty close; he flopped, but afore he could roll into his hole I had my knife in him. I hitched a rope on an' begun draggin' him, which was hard work, but when I got mebbe a half mile I was brought up short by a crack an' a strip o' water at least a hunderd yards wide; I slapped my hand to my for'ead an' like to fainted, for I'd been up there long enough to know the meanin' on't. I could see a place I 'membered passin' a little time ago, jus' over the water, but it might as well been a hunderd miles, fur no live man could swim in that ice-water, an' I hadn't a dog to help pull me over. I run round another side an' 'twas water, round another an' 'twas jus' the same—'twas nothin' but water clear round an' the bergs an' the fast ice beyond, not a strip so wide's a razor-edge to crawl off on. I'd got to know it, the wind 'd broke my piece off the rest the field, an' I was afloat without sail or rudder.

"You want to know what I did—what 'ud you done in my place? I jus' sunk down on the ice fur a hearty cry, it come over me so sudden an' sweepin' like; but grown folks' tears ain't much 'count, leastways when they freeze on the cheek as fast's they come an' threaten to wall up the eyes, an' so I stopped that an' begun thinkin'. Kellerton 'd sarch fur me as long 's 'twas any use, but I knew the ship might as well been down to t'other pole fur any good she'd do me, though she wa'n't more'n three miles off; it don't make no difference whether a man drowns a rod from shore or fifty miles, only it does make the choke a little harder to get most in. Standin' here now on the *Huldy Stevens*, where I know every plank an' rope by heart, I can't hardly believe I ever was there, but Kellerton's picters 't I've got brings it all back; but 'twas real, an' I declare I'd ruther been on a log in the middle o' the Atlantic. The quickest thing was to jump under an' let my drowned head rap up agen the bottom o' the ice, but I could do that any time, an' when you've got a length o' rope 'twixt you an' dyin' an' don't know how long 'tis, jus' wait till the end comes into your hand afore you cast it off. I'd dropped my rifle when I run for the seal an' lost that, leavin' me only five fathoms o' rope an' a knife besides my two hands; I shouldn't freeze, 'twa'n't likely, nor drown, an' the bears won't meddle 'cept they're ravenous; as for eatin', I'd got a few ship's-biscuit and the seal, and when these was gone?—well, then I'd go too.

"I knew I was driftin' pretty fast, but didn't know which way 'twas, an' it didn't much matter. Perhaps I should get onto a berg an' float down, an' I follered it clear down round Newfoundland; but that 'ud take six weeks, so't I should be sittin' stiff on it 'fore that time; an' when we got into the ships' track they'd see my face scowlin' down from the top o' the berg, an' mebbe take it for the berg's own head—perhaps some Gloucester man 'ud see it—an' it's one o' the onaccountable things in human natur' that I most laughed at first at thinkin' how queer I should look, an' then felt mad to think my own folks 't knowed me might see me, an' say they was sure all the while I'd never be back alive. Pretty soon a walrus stuck up his nose an' leaned his tushes on the ice, blowin' the water an' his strong-smellin' breath off his whiskers; an' I see a bear walkin' 'long out on the field, an' I thought I'd fretted myself for nothin'.

"I don'o why 'tis, but when one gets a bit onsettled he gets to hearin' queer sounds in the first place; an' somehow when you think of a voice it's allers a woman's. Jus' a little screech from a woman's throat 'll go further'n the loudest a man can bawl; an' when sailors hears cries a-comin' off the water 'thout any sail in sight, an' a wailin' abaft the mainmast an' through the shrouds, it's a woman's voice, never a man's; there's sunthin' 'bout women's voices that goes right through a man, an' starts him in a way 't nothin' else in the world can. For one reason or 'nuther I begun to hear all sorts o' voices moanin' round in the air, sobbin' right behind my head, it seemed, an' callin' to one 'nuther across the bergs. I could hear my old mother singin' above 'em all, jus' as she used to sing in the rockin'-chair by the window, with me on her knee, an' watchin' the landin' to see if father's smack had hove in sight. I could hear her singin' 'Mear' an' 'Boylston' to the hymn she liked; an' the words was:

'O where shall res' be found?—
  Res' for the weary soul!—
'Twere vain the ocean's deps to sound,
  Or sarch to either Pole.'

I don't remember whether I was scared or not, but it seemed real enough; an' if they was in trouble so was I, and misery loves company; but 'twas dre'ful ghostly. I wasn't sure—but if they was only *human* critters!

"'Twasn't so much dyin' that went so hard with me, or the way of it, but the place. Goin' down to Davy Jones an' rottin' 'mong weeds an' fishes ain't a decent or pleasant style o' burial; but sailors get used to such an idee by long cruisin'; an' out in the country, where the hills lie in the sun year on year, an' the grass an' flowers grows green an' kindly, with the singin' birds, an' brooks runnin' over the stones, an' every thin' full o' life, there's a fellow-feelin' with a man, for all these breathin' things have jus' the same wants as he has, an' live an' die jus' the way he does; an' so they try to make him happy while he's alive, an' when he's dead they hold him, an' kind o' mourn for him; an' God seems close by these. But up in them lonesome places there ain't a livin' soul, an' nothin' but cold bergs 'thout any feelin'. They don't live or grow, but stand piled up jus' the same one year to another; an' no matter what awful things might be goin' on afore 'em, they wouldn't care, but 'ud be stern all the same, an' the last look out o' starvin' eyes wouldn't move 'em to showin' pity; there ain't any *soul* there, but only jus' a pile o' dead an' still matter; an' it seemed to me—for the sun wasn't shinin' then—that God 'd heaped this part the world full o' frightful things, an' then gone away Himself an' left it. But sunthin' whispered, 'If I take the wings o' the mornin' an' fly to the outermost parts o' the earth, behold, Thou art there;' an' so I knew, an' blessed the Lord 't there's no such thing as bein' out o' His reach; that He's jus' as near 'mong icebergs as livin' hills, an' looks out jus' as much in the dark as in the mornin' flushes, fur He don't need the sun to see by; then I see the Lord's glory lightin' up the place, an' I felt I could trust Him, though trustin' an' bein' resigned in one's bed ain't much like doin' it alone on a slab o' ice up in the northern deserts. All the prayers 't I hadn't thought of sence I was a boy diggin' clams an' huntin' shells on the beaches they come back to me, an' I prayed with a will—fact is, there's no blessin' that stays by a man so long's them little prayers 't mothers teaches; they won't be forgot, an' they'll hide 'emselves, all white an' pure, down in the heart o' the worst sinner on earth, an' stay there till he gets in trouble, an' then come risin' out the filth to his mouth, jus' as a spring o' water bubbles up out of a muddy hollow; and I 'membered how I used to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' an' I said it with real feelin', an' then I curled into a ball an' went to sleep.

"When I woke up the first thing 't come into my head was a line of a hymn I used to say, beginnin',

'Night her solemn mantle spreads,'

but 'twasn't dark, but a great deal worse'n dark, for the moon was shinin'. An' that moonlight was awful. It gave every thin' such a look as I can't tell you an' I never see afore or sence; the bergs reared 'emselves clear into the sky an' elbowed the clouds, glarin' with their white, frozen-lookin' eyes, an' throwin' black shadows onto the water, an' their sides was a great dazzle; all the little slabs o' ice piled round looked jus' like grave-stones, an' the moon was continually layin' out white shrouds on the water; the ragged cliffs was sheddin' the light off down to their feet, an' it was comin' down from above as fast's it fell off, the great hollows in the sides a-gapin' with their black mouths way in where the moon couldn't get; and now an' then a big lump 'ud roll off the top somewheres an' roar down into the water, makin' white streaks run 'long the sea, twistin' an' hurryin' like a troop o' scared ghosts; 'twas all big an' stretched-out an' glary, white and onsartain, what little black there was makin' the rest jus' so much whiter—'twas the frightfulest thing I see, an' I'd a sight ruther had it dark as pitch.

"Bimeby it begun to snow—the queerest snow 't ever fell, fur 'twas soft an' fine an' hardly seemed to be comin' down from clouds, only the air was full of it, settlin' round like a white lace veil; I couldn't see an inch, but 'twas better'n to have the moon all the time. Fallin' snow's lonesome; but we're all used to it so't it seems kind o' pleasant, an' it couldn't hurt my case any. I'd had to drink the sea-water afore an' worry it down best I could, an' so the snow seemed sent o' purpose an' I caught up a handful of it, but good God! what'd it mean? I might as well filled my mouth with blazin' coals, for it burned like fire, an' pretty soon I found my lips an' tongue was swelled thick an' raw an' bleedin'.

"I can't tell how long I was there or half what I did, for I couldn't notch the days, an' most likely I was wild a good part the time; it all seems queer an' confused now, as if I'd jus' woke up out of a talkin' dream. I must have got up every now an' then an' eat away on my seal, and then gone to sleep agen; fur that's the most I 'member while I was floatin' an' waitin' fur my fish to be gone an' then sunthin' to happen which only the Lord knew.

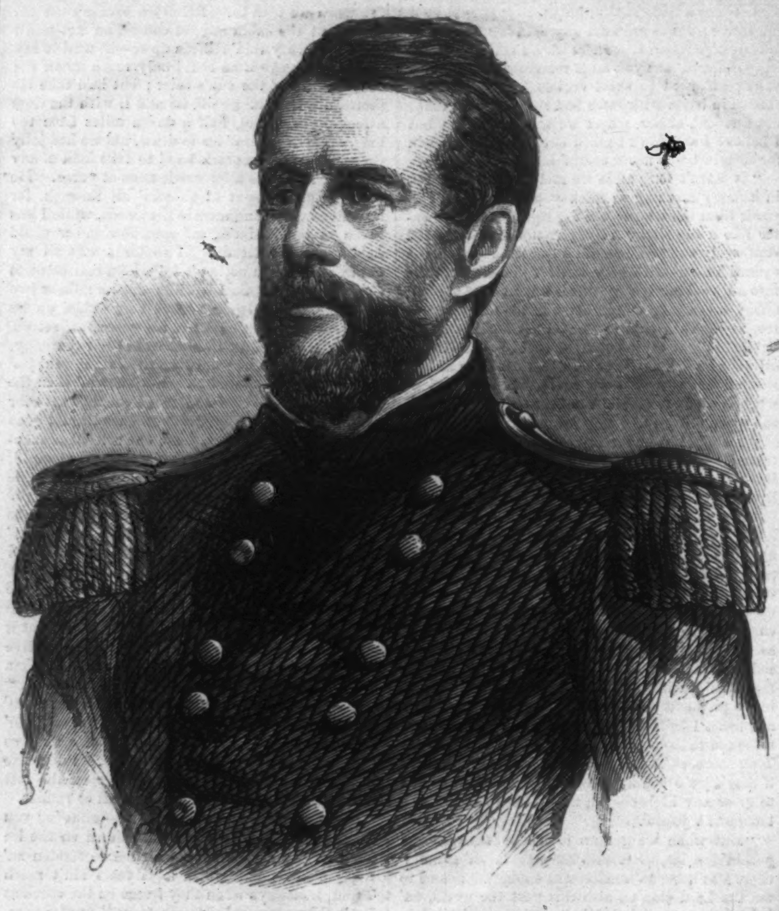
"That ripple you see there 'bout two miles off the lee-bow means we're goin' to work shortly an' 'minds me to be cuttin' my yarn short. I'd drifted a good ways in some direction, I couldn't tell what; but the water was gettin' more open an' the bergs was bigger an' more of 'em. The leads in the ice 'd got to be wider an' thicker, an' I thought most likely I'd floated toward the south, but I was in a perfect den o' bergs, sailin' in an' out with the wind an' sometimes only jus' missin' o' smashin' my little raft o' ice. There was one comin' straight down on me, an' all I could do was to wait an' see whether I found myself kickin' in the water, for I couldn't stir an inch; but when it come nearer I see masts an' cordage standin' out on the sky, but I was hazy an' didn't take any notice on't, though I heard the cables a-creakin', till the next thing I see a figure-head, a sailor holdin' a harpoon glidin' above me, an' there was a great thump and a crack run 'long close to me an' left me swimmin', or tryin' hard to, but in five minutes I was on board a British whaler 't had happened to drive agen me. I suppose mebbe I'd been four or five days on the ice, an' I'd drifted down into what the sailors call the 'Bergy Hole.' 'Twas a straight track an' a short run to home then, and a'ter a while I found Kellerton 'd sarched fur me till he'd got to leave or be froze in fur winter, an' then he left an' got into Boston a fortnight later'n I. That's the end. Mackerel ahead—here they gnaw! Look alive, lads, there's a school!"

BRIG.-GENERAL KEYES, U.S.A.

WE publish on this page a portrait of GENERAL ERASMUS D. KEYES, commanding the Fifth Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac. General Keyes was born in Massachusetts about the year 1812, and entered West Ppint from that State in 1828. In 1832 he graduated and entered the Third Artillery, in which he served till 1837, when he became a member of General Scott's military family. In the following year he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General. In 1841 he obtained his company, which he commanded for three years, after which he assumed the post of Instructor of Cavalry and Artillery at West Point. He remained in this position during the Mexican War.

At the outbreak of the rebellion General Keyes was one of the first officers to whom the Government looked for aid. On 14th May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Eleventh Infantry—one of the new Regiments; and, three days afterward, Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He served in the Army of the Potomac under General M'Dowell, and afterward, when the army was subdivided and reorganized under General M'Clellan, he obtained command of a *corps d'armée.*

He is regarded as one of the most efficient officers in the Army of the Potomac.



BRIGADIER GENERAL KEYES, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE REBEL IRON-CLAD "ARKANSAS."

WE publish herewith an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, representing the REBEL IRON-CLAD STEAMER "ARKANSAS" RUNNING THROUGH OUR FLEET FROM THE MOUTH OF THE YAZOO RIVER TO THE PROTECTION OF THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG. The feat was equally glorious to the rebels as it was mortifying to us. After describing how the *Arkansas* was discovered in the Yazoo River, and Captain Walke had dispatched the *Tyler* to warn the fleet, the *Herald* correspondent says:

As the *Tyler* was turning to head down the Yazoo in the direction of the fleet, the *Carondelet* opened upon the *Arkansas* with her bow guns. She did but little injury, as the heavy plating of the *Arkansas* glanced off most of the shots and sent them at a tangent flying through the air. Three rounds were fired from these bow guns, making nine separate missiles, two or three of which are supposed to have taken effect, as the sides of the rebel boat appeared to be perforated in many places, and the contiguous plates somewhat loosened. After these had been fired the *Carondelet* came up to the *Arkansas* broadside on, discharging her guns with the greatest rapidity possible.

The *Arkansas*, in return, used her rifled and smooth-bore guns with telling effect, the two and a half inch plating offering generally but little resistance to the heavy projectiles sent against it. The sides and casemating of the *Carondelet* were repeatedly perforated, some of the shot going entirely through and passing out on the opposite side. Two men were killed by a shot and three wounded by splinters. Though sadly riddled, the *Carondelet* was not struck below the water-line, nor was her machinery injured. She will be in proper trim again in a short time.

The *Carondelet* at length succeeded in getting alongside and grappling the *Arkansas.* The order "Boarders away" was instantly passed, and the crew of the Yankee gun-boat speedily mounted the deck of its adversary. When there they found no foe to engage, and looked around for somebody or something to fight. The crew of the *Arkansas* had retired below, and the iron hatches were closed and fastened beneath, so that it was utterly impossible to go down and continue the action. The men of the *Carondelet* were much in the condition of one who attempts to open an oyster, but has neither knife, scissors, nor stone with which to perform the operation. Rifle and pistol shots annoyed them from various loopholes, and hot water and steam were sent forth from the pipes of the *Arkansas*, while the guns of the rebel continued to play against the comparatively frail sides of the *Carondelet.* The *Carondelet* replied with her steam apparatus, and this kind of fighting might have continued till both were exhausted had not the vessels struck bottom, by which the grapplings were loosed and the *Arkansas* allowed to drift down the stream, leaving the *Carondelet* by the shore. To the surprise of those on the latter boat, the *Arkansas* did not renew the battle, but put on all steam and moved slowly down the river.

The *Tyler* succeeded in reaching the fleet nearly half an hour in advance of the *Arkansas*, thus giving a little time to prepare for the reception of the visitor. None of the boats had much steam up, though all had fires in their furnaces. Instantly the utmost efforts were made to get the boats ready to manœuvre in case the *Arkansas* should really make an attack.

But two or three were able to move at the time the *Arkansas* appeared around the bend, though the fires were "crowded" as much as possible. The *Louisville* and *Cincinnati* succeeded in getting their wheels in motion and hoisting anchor, and the *Benton* had just swung from her moorings. The *Cairo* was doing her best, and the rams were prompt to perceive the exigencies of the occasion and make ready for an onset. The vessels of Commodore Farragut's squadron beat to quarters, and determined to receive the enemy while at anchor.

As the *Arkansas* approached she encountered gun-boat No. 6 of Farragut's fleet, carrying one heavy 11-inch Dahlgren and two small 12-pounders at the bow. This boat received several shots from the *Arkansas*, and replied vigorously with her big gun, sending one ball through the side of the latter. Without stopping her engines the *Arkansas* ran past No. 6, and next encountered the *Louisville*, which gave her the full benefit of her broadside and bow guns. The *Arkansas* had by this time reached a position where her shot were effective in every direction, and she used all her guns at the same moment, firing at transports and gun-boats indiscriminately. None of the boats were able to give the *Arkansas* more than one or two broadsides before she was out of reach. Most of the balls were thrown at short range, but many of the solid projectiles glanced off, while the shells were shivered into a thousand fragments by the force of the concussion alone. The *Benton*, *Louisville*, and *Cincinnati* moved as speedily as they could turn in the river, and followed closely upon the heels of the *Arkansas.*

As the rebel boat passed the *Hartford*, *Iroquois*, and *Richmond* she received a heavy broadside from each. The *Essex*, which arrived only a few days since, managed to send two 100-pound steel shot fairly through the sides of the *Arkansas*, causing her to careen fearfully. One of them is thought to have struck near her water-line and caused her to leak badly, as she kept her pump constantly going, and poured out a large stream of water from her sides. One of the *Richmond's* 100-pound Parrott shot is also supposed to have gone completely through her. After each discharge of her guns the port-holes of the *Arkansas* were instantly closed, her sides presenting nothing but a mass of almost impenetrable wood and iron. One of those port-holes was left open for a moment, and a ball from the *Benton* entered, killing ten men and wounding several others. A shot from one of the boats, at short range, is said to have struck at right angles upon the side of the *Arkansas*, and rebounded, falling into the water close to the vessel from which it was discharged.

The *Arkansas* did not slacken her speed during her progress down the river, but kept steadily forward, firing her guns as she moved ahead. Her speed of motion is not as great as some of her friends have thought she would attain, her immense weight causing her to draw too much water for rapid movements. Her enormous iron prow was prominent to view; but she did not attempt to use it upon any of the boats after the first attack. This was probably owing to her slow pace, and it is to her failure in this respect that we are doubtless indebted for the present safety of our boats.

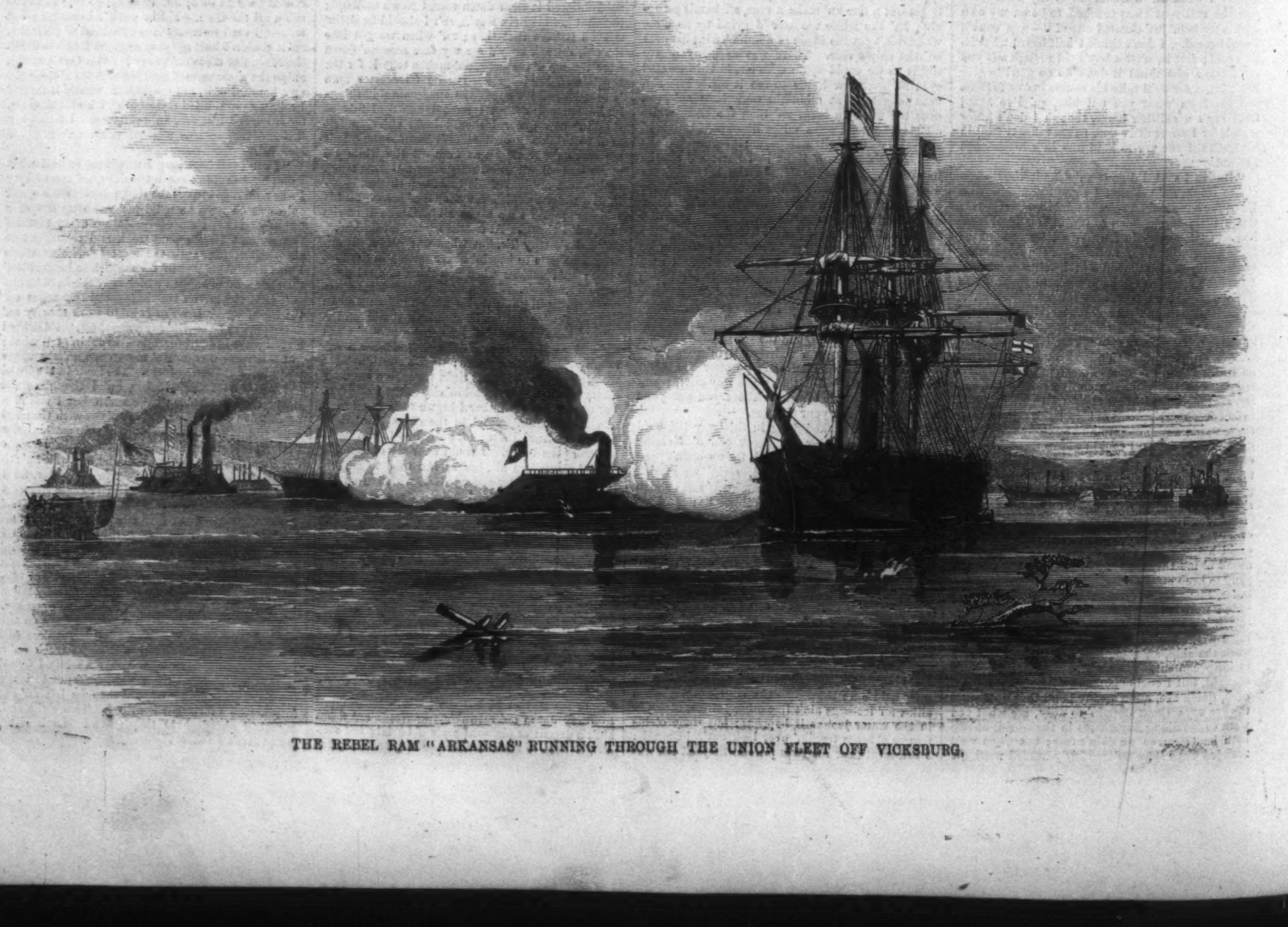
The ram *Lancaster*, No. 3, at one time started for the *Arkansas*, intending to run her down; but before proceeding far she received three shots, one of which severed her steam-pipe, by which a number of her crew were severely scalded, two of them fatally. Notwithstanding the great number of boats opposed to her, the *Arkansas* succeeded in passing safely through and seeking the protection of the rebel batteries.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

WE give on the next page a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK, who was appointed on the 11th ult. Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

Henry Wager Halleck was born at Weston, Oneida County, New York, in 1820, and is consequently forty-two years of age. He entered West Point in 1835, graduated third in his class, and obtained a commission in the engineers. For a year he served as assistant professor of engineering at West Point. From 1840 to 1845 he diversified his military duties by lecturing; he likewise published one or two important scientific and military works. When the war with Mexico broke out he was in California, and for conduct in skirmishes there in November, 1847, he was brevetted Captain. He was subsequently chief of Commodore Shubrick's staff, Secretary of State of California, and, in 1849, a member of the Convention which drafted the Constitution of the State. He took such a liking to the Pacific coast that in 1854, being then Captain of Engineers, he resigned his rank, studied law, and opened an office in San Francisco. His firm, Halleck, Billings, & Co., were very successful at the bar. It is a little curious that one of the first business transactions in which General Halleck was engaged when he went to St. Louis to command the department of the West, was a private pecuniary matter in which he acted as the legal adviser of his old client, Major-General Frémont—whom, in effect, he came to supersede.

When the rebellion broke out, General Halleck was at once summoned from California by the Government, at the instance of General Scott, and appointed to the command from which Frémont had been removed, and which General Hunter had temporarily filled. His administration has been a series of brilliant triumphs. When he arrived at St. Louis the rebels held all Tennessee, most of Kentucky, and three-fourths of Missouri; the Mississippi was blockaded to within twenty miles of Cairo; secession was rampant and loyalty at a discount. General Halleck began by hanging bridge-burners, which put a stop to the destruction of bridges; he next made the secession sympathizers pay the losses of Union men who had been robbed by the rebels; this put an end to rebel outrages on Unionists and cooled the wealthy traitors of St. Louis. Then moving his armies and his gun-boats in a methodical manner, he expelled the rebels from Missouri and Northern Arkansas, took Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Island No. 10; compelled the evacuation successively of Bowling Green, Columbus, Corinth, and Cumberland Gap; and now enables his soldiers to rest on their arms during the hot months—having nearly completed the work they were set to do. He has hardly met



THE REBEL RAM "ARKANSAS" RUNNING THROUGH THE UNION FLEET OFF VICKSBURG.

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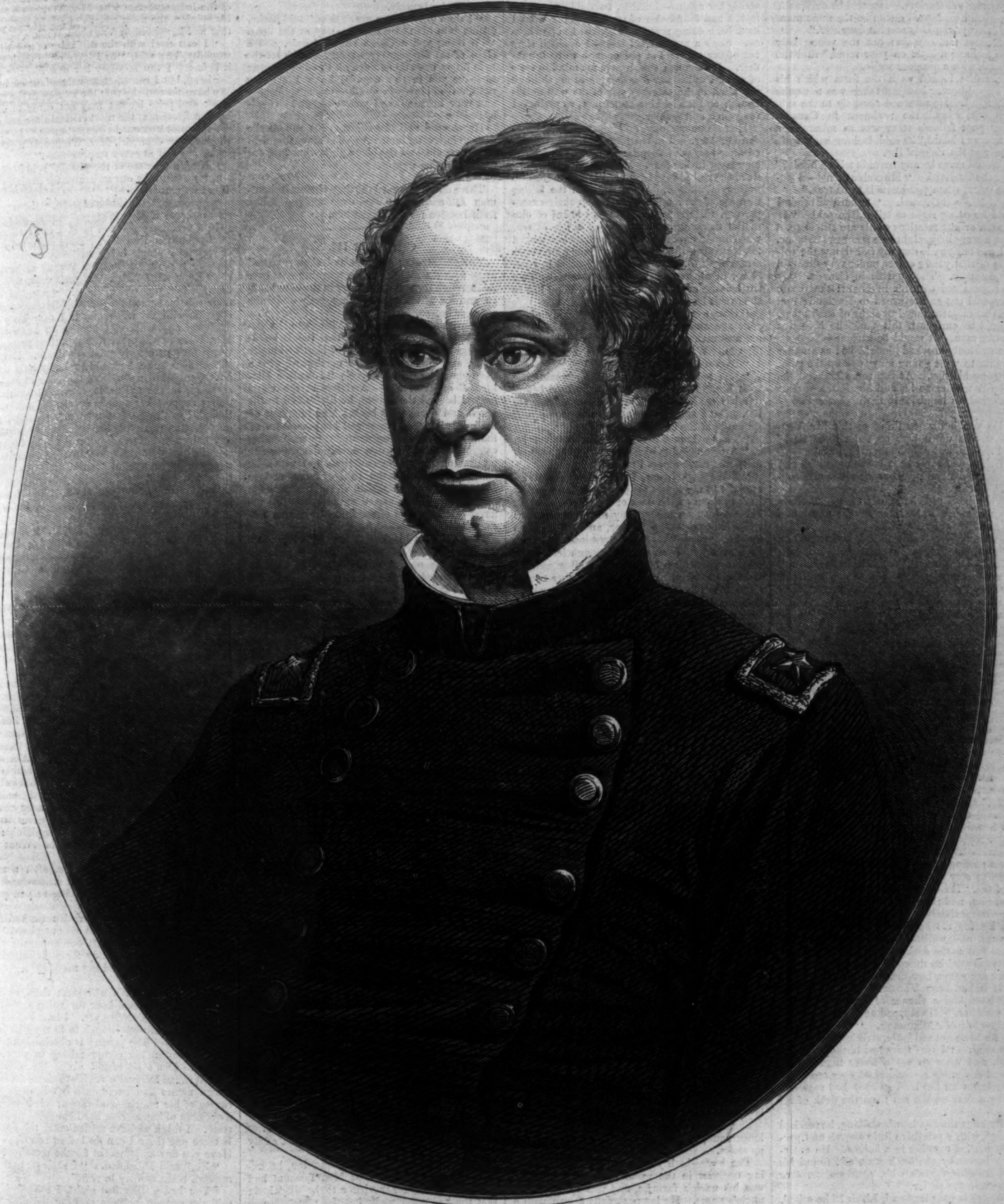

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

with a single check since he commenced his operations. So thorough has his work been, that even if the Union armies were to stay where they are and advance no further the rebellion could not survive.

In illustration of General Halleck's character, the *Herald* tells the following story of his boyhood:

> When about sixteen years of age he formed the determination to leave his home unknown to his parents, and seek his fortune in the world. After consulting an uncle, who resided in Syracuse, he removed to Hudson, New York, and took board in the family of I. V. Bassett, and, under the patronage of the aforesaid uncle, commenced his studies at the Hudson Academy, which was at that time conducted by J. W. Fairfield. To conceal his residence from his father, he entered the academy under the name of Henry Wager, and was thus known during his three years' residence in Hudson. He was known as a young man of quick perception and studious habits, acquitting himself with honor in his studies. After finishing his course at this academy, through the influence of the uncle before mentioned he was appointed a cadet at West Point.

His personal appearance is thus graphically sketched:

> Major-General Halleck, in personal appearance, is below the medium height, straight, active, and well-formed, and has a brisk, energetic gait, significant of his firm and decisive character. His nose is delicate and well formed, his forehead ample, and his mouth by no means devoid of humor. His eye is of a hazel color, clear as a morning star, and of intense brilliancy. When he looks at a man it seems as though he were going literally to read him through and through. No amount of oily duplicity, no brazen effrontery, no studied concealment could avail any thing before that keen, penetrating glance. It is an eye to make all rogues tremble, and even honest men look about them to be sure they have not been up to some mischief. The profound and implicit confidence in him of all who have had dealings with him is no mystery after seeing what manner of man he is.
>
> Such is his personal appearance, and he does business off hand, is impatient of long stories, and cuts many an officer short in his verbal communication. He evidently has his odd ways: he puts on a citizen's dress and walks through the camp. Lately he helped a teamster out of the mud, then gave him a severe lecture for not driving carefully. He laughed heartily to hear the witticisms of a teamster upon himself. The high water in the river made a slough all but impassable. The teamster had floundered through it, and, having reached the top of the bluff, and being in sight of head-quarters, relieved himself of volley after volley of oaths upon the creek, his horses, the roads, and lastly upon General Halleck for not having the creek bridged. The criticism was just; but the General had already ordered the construction of a bridge, and, being incog., could enjoy the verbal castigation.
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> General Halleck in the camp and in the field is hardly the same person who might have been seen quietly gliding from the Planters' House to head-quarters in St. Louis. He does not look a whit more military in appearance, but looks, in his new and rich though plain uniform, as if he were in borrowed clothes. In truth, he bears a most striking resemblance to some oleaginous Methodist parson dressed in regimentals, with a wide, stiff-rimmed black felt hat sticking on the back of his head, at an acute angle with the ground. His demeanor in front of his tent is very simple and business-like. No pomp, no unusual ceremony, and no lack of order. When on horseback his Wesleyan character is more and more prominent. He neither looks like a soldier, rides like one, nor does he carry the state of a major-general in the field, but is the impersonation of the man of peace.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The tall man who had passed Captain Wragge in the dark proceeded rapidly along the public walk, struck off across a little waste patch of ground, and entered the open door of the Aldborough Hotel. The light in the passage, falling full on his face as he passed it, proved the truth of Captain Wragge's surmise, and showed the stranger to be Mr. Kirke, of the merchant service.

Meeting the landlord in the passage, Mr. Kirke nodded to him with the familiarity of an old customer. "Have you got the paper?" he asked; "I want to look at the visitors' list."

"I have got it in my room, Sir," said the landlord, leading the way into a parlor at the back of the house. "Are there any friends of yours staying here, do you think?"

Without replying the seaman turned to the list, as soon as the newspaper was placed in his hand, and ran his finger down it, name by name. The finger suddenly stopped at this line: "Sea-View Cottage; Mr. Noel Vanstone." Kirke, of the merchant service, repeated the name to himself, and put down the paper thoughtfully.

"Have you found any body you know, captain?" asked the landlord.

"I have found a name I know—a name my father used often to speak of in his time. Is this Mr. Vanstone a family man? Do you know if there is a young lady in the house?"

"I can't say, captain. My wife will be here directly: she is sure to know. It must have been some time ago, if your father knew this Mr. Vanstone?"

"It *was* some time ago. My father knew a subaltern officer of that name when he was with his regiment in Canada. It would be curious if the person here turned out to be the same man, and if that young lady was his daughter."

"Excuse me, captain; but the young lady seems to hang a little on your mind," said the landlord, with a pleasant smile.

Mr. Kirke looked as if the form which his host's good-humor had just taken was not quite to his mind. He returned abruptly to the subaltern officer and the regiment in Canada. "That poor fellow's story was as miserable a one as ever I heard," he said, looking back again absently at the visitors' list.

"Would there be any harm in telling it, Sir?" asked the landlord. "Miserable or not—a story's a story, when you know it to be true."

Mr. Kirke hesitated. "I hardly think I should be doing right to tell it," he said. "If this man or any relations of his are still alive, it is not a story they might like strangers to know. All I can tell you is that my father was the salvation of that young officer under very dreadful circumstances. They parted in Canada. My father remained with his regiment: the young officer sold out and returned to England; and from that moment they lost sight of each other. It would be curious if this Vanstone here was the same man. It would be curious—"

He suddenly checked himself, just as another reference to "the young lady" was on the point of passing his lips. At the same moment the landlord's wife came in, and Mr. Kirke at once transferred his inquiries to the higher authority in the house.

"Do you know any thing of this Mr. Vanstone who is down here on the visitors' list?" asked the sailor. "Is he an old man?"

"He's a miserable little creature to look at," replied the landlady; "but he's not old, captain!"

"Then he is not the man I mean. Perhaps he is the man's son? Has he got any ladies with him?"

The landlady tossed her head, and pursed up her lips disparagingly.

"He has a housekeeper with him," she said. "A middle-aged person—not one of my sort. I dare say I'm wrong; but I don't like a dressy woman in her station of life."

Mr. Kirke began to look puzzled. "I must have made some mistake about the house," he said. "Surely there's a lawn cut octagon-shape at Sea-View Cottage, and a white flag-staff in the middle of the gravel walk?"

"That's not Sea View, Sir! It's North Shingles you're talking of. Mr. Bygrave's. His wife and his niece came here by the coach to-day. His wife's tall enough to be put in a show, and the worst-dressed woman I ever set eyes on. But Miss Bygrave is worth looking at, if I may venture to say so. She's the finest girl, to my mind, we've had at Aldborough for many a long day. I wonder who they are! Do you know the name, captain?"

"No," said Mr. Kirke, with a shade of disappointment on his dark, weather-beaten face; "I never heard the name before."

After replying in those words he rose to take his leave. The landlord vainly invited him to drink a parting glass; the landlady vainly pressed him to stay another ten minutes, and try a cup of tea. He only replied that his sister expected him, and that he must return to the parsonage immediately.

On leaving the hotel, Mr. Kirke set his face westward, and walked inland along the high-road as fast as the darkness would let him.

"Bygrave?" he thought to himself. "Now I know her name, how much am I the wiser for it! If it had been Vanstone, my father's son might have had a chance of making acquaintance with her." He stopped and looked back in the direction of Aldborough. "What a fool I am!" he burst out suddenly, striking his stick on the ground. "I was forty last birthday." He turned, and went on again faster than ever—his head down, his resolute black eyes searching the darkness on the land as they had searched it many a time on the sea from the deck of his ship.

After more than an hour's walking, he reached a village, with a primitive little church and parsonage nestled together in a hollow. He entered the house by the back way, and found his sister, the clergyman's wife, sitting alone over her work in the parlor.

"Where is your husband, Lizzie?" he asked, taking a chair in a corner.

William has gone out to see a sick person. He had just time enough before he went," she added, with a smile, "to tell me about the young lady; and he declares he will never trust himself at Aldborough with you again until you are a steady married man." She stopped, and looked at her brother more attentively than she had looked at him yet. "Robert!" she said, laying aside her work, and suddenly crossing the room to him—"you look anxious, you look distressed. William only laughed about your meeting with the young lady. Is it serious? Tell me, what is she like?"

He turned his head away at the question.

She took a stool at his feet, and persisted in looking up at him. "Is it serious, Robert?" she repeated, softly.

Kirke's weather-beaten face was accustomed to no concealments—it answered for him before he spoke a word. "Don't tell your husband till I am gone," he said, with a roughness quite new in his sister's experience of him. "I know I only deserve to be laughed at, but it hurts me for all that."

"Hurts you?" she repeated, in astonishment.

"You can't think me half such a fool, Lizzie, as I think myself," pursued Kirke, bitterly. "A man at my age ought to know better. I didn't set eyes on her for as much as a minute altogether; and there I have been, hanging about the place till after nightfall on the chance of seeing her again—skulking, I should have called it, if I had found one of my men doing what I have been doing myself. I believe I'm bewitched. She's a mere girl, Lizzie—I doubt if she's out of her teens; I'm old enough to be her father. It's all one: she stops in my mind in spite of me. I've had her face looking at me through the pitch darkness every step of the way to this house; and it's looking at me now, as plain as I see yours, and plainer."

He rose impatiently, and began to walk backward and forward in the room. His sister looked after him with surprise as well as sympathy expressed in her face. From his boyhood upward she had always been accustomed to see him master of himself. Years since, in the failing fortunes of the family, he had been their example and their support. She had heard of him in the desperate emergencies of a life at sea, when hundreds of his fellow-creatures had looked to his steady self-possession for rescue from close-threatening death, and had not looked in vain. Never in all her life before had his sister seen the balance of that calm and equal mind lost as she saw it lost now.

"How can you talk so unreasonably about your age and yourself?" she said. "There is not a woman alive, Robert, who is good enough for you. What is her name?"

"Bygrave. Do you know it?"

"No; but I might soon make acquaintance with her. If we only had a little time before us; if I could only get to Aldborough and see her. But you are going away to-morrow; your ship sails at the end of the week."

"Thank God for that!" said Kirke, fervently.

"Are you glad to be going away?" she asked, more and more amazed at him.

"Right glad, Lizzie, for my own sake. If I ever get to my senses again I shall find my way back to them on the deck of my ship. This girl has got between me and my thoughts already: she sha'n't go a step further, and get between me and my duty. I'm determined on that. Fool as I am, I have sense enough left not to trust myself within easy hail of Aldborough to-morrow morning. I'm good for another twenty miles of walking, and I'll begin my journey back to-night."

His sister started up, and caught him fast by the arm. "Robert!" she exclaimed; "you're not serious? You don't mean to leave us on foot alone in the dark?"

"It's only saying good-by, my dear, the last thing at night instead of the first thing in the morning," he answered, with a smile. "Try and make allowances for me, Lizzie. My life has been passed at sea, and I'm not used to having my mind upset in this way. Men ashore are used to it; men ashore can take it easy. I can't. If I stopped here, I shouldn't rest. If I waited till to-morrow, I should only be going back to have another look at her. I don't want to feel more ashamed of myself than I do already. I want to fight my way back to my duty and myself without stopping to think twice about it. Darkness is nothing to me—I'm used to darkness. I have got the high-road to walk on, and I can't lose my way. Let me go, Lizzie! The only sweet-heart I have any business with at my age is my ship. Let me get back to her!"

His sister still kept her hold of his arm, and still pleaded with him to stay till the morning. He listened to her with perfect patience and kindness, but she never shook his determination for an instant.

"What am I to say to William?" she pleaded. "What will he think when he comes back and finds you gone?"

"Tell him I have taken the advice he gave us in his sermon last Sunday. I have turned my back on the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"How can you talk so, Robert? And the boys too—you promised not to go without bidding the boys good-by."

"That's true. I made my little nephews a promise, and I'll keep it." He kicked off his shoes as he spoke on the mat outside the door. "Light me up stairs, Lizzie; I'll bid the two boys good-by without waking them."

She saw the uselessness of resisting him any longer, and, taking the candle, went before him up stairs.

The boys—both young children—were sleeping together in the same bed. The youngest was his uncle's favorite, and was called by his uncle's name. He lay peacefully asleep, with a rough little toy ship hugged fast in his arms. Kirke's eyes softened as he stole on tip-toe to the child's side and kissed him with the gentleness of a woman. "Poor little man!" said the sailor, tenderly; "he is as fond of his ship as I was at his age. I'll cut him out a better one when I come back. Will you give me my nephew one of these days, Lizzie, and will you let me make a sailor of him?"

"Oh, Robert, if you were only married and happy, as I am!"

"The time has gone by, my dear. I must make the best of it as I am, with my little nephew there to help me."

He left the room. His sister's tears fell fast as she followed him into the parlor. "There is something so forlorn and dreadful in your leaving us like this," she said. "Shall I go to Aldborough to-morrow, Robert, and try if I can get acquainted with her for your sake?"

"No!" he replied. "Let her be. If it's ordered that I am to see that girl again, I *shall* see her. Leave it to the future, and you leave it right." He put on his shoes, and took up his hat and stick. "I won't overwalk myself," he said, cheerfully. "If the coach doesn't overtake me on the road, I can wait for it where I stop to breakfast. Dry your eyes, my dear, and give me a kiss."

She was like her brother in features and complexion, and she had a touch of her brother's spirit—she dashed away the tears, and took her leave of him bravely.

"I shall be back in a year's time," said Kirke, falling into his old sailor-like way at the door. "I'll bring you a China shawl, Lizzie, and a chest of tea for your store-room. Don't let the boys forget me, and don't think I'm doing wrong to leave you in this way. I know I'm doing right. God bless you and keep you, my dear—and your husband, and your children! Good-by!"

He stooped and kissed her. She ran to the door to look after him. A puff of air extinguished the candle, and the black night shut him out from her in an instant.

Three days afterward the first-class merchantman *Deliverance*—Kirke, commander—sailed from London for the China Sea.

CHAPTER III.

The threatening of storm and change passed away with the night. When morning rose over Aldborough the sun was master in the blue heaven, and the waves were rippling gayly under the summer breeze.

At an hour when no other visitors to the watering-place were yet astir the indefatigable Wragge appeared at the door of North Shingles Villa, and directed his steps northward, with a neatly-bound copy of Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues" in his hand. Arriving at the waste ground beyond the houses, he descended to the beach and opened his book. The interview of the past night had sharpened his perception of the difficulties to be encountered in the coming enterprise. He was now doubly determined to try the characteristic experiment at which he had hinted in his letter to Magdalen, and to concentrate on himself—in the character of a remarkably well-informed man—the entire interest and attention of the formidable Mrs. Lecount.

Having taken his dose of ready-made science (to use his own expression) the first thing in the morning on an empty stomach, Captain Wragge joined his small family circle at breakfast-time inflated with information for the day. He observed that Magdalen's face showed plain signs of a sleepless night. She made no complaint: her manner was composed, and her temper perfectly under control. Mrs. Wragge—refreshed by some thirteen consecutive hours of uninterrupted repose—was in excellent spirits, and up at heel (for a wonder) with both shoes. She brought with her into the room several large sheets of tissue paper, cut crisply into mysterious and many-varying forms, which immediately provoked from her husband the short and sharp question, "What have you got there?"

"Patterns, captain," said Mrs. Wragge, in timidly conciliating tones. "I went shopping in London, and bought an Oriental Cashmere Robe. It cost a deal of money, and I'm going to try and save by making it myself. I've got my patterns, and my dress-making directions written out as plain as print. I'll be very tidy, captain; I'll keep in my own corner, if you'll please to give me one; and whether my head Buzzes, or whether it don't, I'll sit straight at my work all the same."

"You will do your work," said the captain, sternly, "when you know who you are, who I am, and who that young lady is—not before. Show me your shoes! Good. Show me your cap! Good. Make the breakfast."

When breakfast was over Mrs. Wragge received her orders to retire to an adjoining room, and to wait there until her husband came to release her. As soon as her back was turned Captain Wragge at once resumed the conversation which had been suspended, by Magdalen's own desire, on the preceding night. The questions he now put to her all related to the subject of her visit in disguise to Noel Vanstone's house. They were the questions of a thoroughly clear-headed man—short, searching, and straight to the point. In less than half an hour's time he had made himself acquainted with every incident that had happened in Vauxhall Walk.

The conclusions which the captain drew after gaining his information were clear and easily stated.

On the adverse side of the question, he expressed his conviction that Mrs. Lecount had certainly detected her visitor to be disguised; that she had never really left the room, though she might have opened and shut the door; and that on both the occasions, therefore, when Magdalen had been betrayed into speaking in her own voice, Mrs. Lecount had heard her. On the favorable side of the question, he was perfectly satisfied that the painted face and eyelids, the wig, and the padded cloak had so effectually concealed Magdalen's identity, that she might, in her own person, defy the housekeeper's closest scrutiny, so far as the matter of appearance was concerned. The difficulty of deceiving Mrs. Lecount's ears, as well as her eyes, was, he readily admitted, not so easily to be disposed of. But looking to the fact that Magdalen, on both the occasions when she had forgotten herself, had spoken in the heat of anger, he was of opinion that her voice had every reasonable chance of escaping detection if she carefully avoided all outbursts of temper for the future, and spoke in those more composed and ordinary tones which Mrs. Lecount had not yet heard. Upon the whole, the captain was inclined to pronounce the prospect hopeful if one serious obstacle were cleared away at the outset—that obstacle being nothing less than the presence on the scene of action of Mrs. Wragge.

To Magdalen's surprise, when the course of her narrative brought her to the story of the ghost, Captain Wragge listened with the air of a man who was more annoyed than amused by what he heard. When she had done, he plainly told her that her unlucky meeting on the stairs of the lodging-house with Mrs. Wragge was, in his opinion, the most serious of all the accidents that had happened in Vauxhall Walk.

"I can deal with the difficulty of my wife's stupidity," he said, "as I have often dealt with it before. I can hammer her new identity *into* her head, but I can't hammer the ghost *out* of it. We have no security that the woman in the gray cloak and poke bonnet may not come back to her recollection at the most critical time and under the most awkward circumstances. In plain English, my dear girl, Mrs. Wragge is a pitfall under our feet at every step we take."

"If we are aware of the pitfall," said Magdalen, "we can take our measures for avoiding it. What do you propose?"

"I propose," replied the captain, "the temporary removal of Mrs. Wragge. Speaking purely in a pecuniary point of view, I can't afford a total separation from her. You have often read of very poor people being suddenly enriched by legacies reaching them from remote and unexpected quarters? Mrs. Wragge's case, when I married her, was one of these. An elderly female relative shared the favors of fortune on that occasion with my wife; and if I only keep up domestic appearances, I happen to know that Mrs. Wragge will prove a second time profitable to me on that elderly relative's death. But for this circumstance I should probably long since have transferred my wife to the care of society at large, in the agreeable conviction that if I didn't support her somebody else would. Although I can't afford to take this course, I see no objection to having her comfortably boarded and lodged out of our way for the time being—say at a retired farm-house, in the character of a lady in infirm mental health. *You* would find the expense trifling; *I* should find the relief unutterable. What do you say? Shall I pack her up at once, and take her away by the next coach?"

"No!" replied Magdalen, firmly. "The poor creature's life is hard enough already; I won't help to make it harder. She was affectionately and truly kind to me when I was ill, and I won't allow her to be shut up among strangers while I can help it. The risk of keeping her here is only one risk more. I will face it, Captain Wragge, if you won't."

"Think twice," said the captain, gravely, "before you decide on keeping Mrs. Wragge."

"Once is enough," rejoined Magdalen. "I won't have her sent away."

"Very good," said the captain, resignedly. "I never interfere with questions of sentiment. But I have a word to say on my own behalf. If my services are to be of any use to you, I can't have my hands tied at starting. This is serious. I won't trust my wife and Mrs. Lecount together. I'm afraid, if you're not; and I make it a condition that if Mrs. Wragge stops here she keeps her room. If you think her health requires it, you can take her for a walk early in the morning or late in the evening; but you must never trust her out with the servant, and never trust her out by herself. I put the matter plainly: it is too important to be trifled with. What do you say—yes or no?"

"I say yes," replied Magdalen, after a moment's consideration, "on the understanding that I am to take her out walking as you propose."

Captain Wragge bowed, and recovered his suavity of manner. "What are our plans?" he inquired. "Shall we start our enterprise this afternoon? Are you ready for your introduction to Mrs. Lecount and her master?"

"Quite ready."

"Good again. We will meet them on the Parade at their usual hour for going out—two o'clock. It is not twelve yet. I have two hours before me—just time enough to fit my wife into her new Skin. The process is absolutely necessary to prevent her compromising us with the servant. Don't be afraid about the results; Mrs. Wragge has had a copious selection of assumed names hammered into her head in the course of her matrimonial career. It is merely a question of hammering hard enough—nothing more. I think we have settled every thing now. Is there any thing I can do before two o'clock? Have you any employment for the morning?"

"No," said Magdalen. "I shall go back to my own room and try to rest."

"You had a disturbed night, I am afraid?" said the captain, politely opening the door for her.

"I fell asleep once or twice," she answered, carelessly. "I suppose my nerves are a little shaken. The bold black eyes of that man who stared so rudely at me yesterday evening seemed to be looking at me again in my dreams. If we see him to-day, and if he annoys me any more, I must trouble you to speak to him. We will meet here again at two o'clock. Don't be hard with Mrs. Wragge; teach her what she must learn as tenderly as you can."

With those words she left him and went up stairs.

She lay down on her bed with a heavy sigh, and tried to sleep. It was useless. The dull weariness of herself which now possessed her was not the weariness which finds its remedy in repose. She rose again and sat by the window, looking out listlessly over the sea.

A weaker nature than hers would not have felt the shock of Frank's desertion as she had felt it—as she was feeling it still. A weaker nature would have found refuge in indignation, and comfort in tears. The passionate strength of Magdalen's love clung desperately to the sinking wreck of its own delusion—clung, until she tore herself from it by main force of will. All that her native pride, her keen sense of wrong could do, was to shame her from dwelling on the thoughts which still caught their breath of life from the undying devotion of the past; which still perversely ascribed Frank's heartless farewell to any cause but the inborn baseness of the man who had written it. The woman never lived yet who could cast a true love out of her heart because the object of that love was unworthy of her. All she can do is to struggle against it in secret—to sink in the contest, if she is weak; to win her way through it, if she is strong, by a process of self-laceration which is, of all moral remedies applied to a woman's nature, the most dangerous and the most desperate; of all moral changes the change that is surest to mark her for life. Magdalen's strong nature had sustained her through the struggle, and the issue of it had left her what she now was.

After sitting by the window for nearly an hour—her eyes looking mechanically at the view, her mind empty of all impressions, and conscious of no thoughts—she shook off the strange waking stupor that possessed her, and rose to prepare herself for the serious business of the day.

She went to the wardrobe, and took down from the pegs two bright, delicate muslin dresses which had been made for summer wear at Combe-Raven a year since, and which had been of too little value to be worth selling when she parted with her other possessions. After placing these dresses side by side on the bed, she looked into the wardrobe once more. It only contained one other summer dress—the plain alpaca gown which she had worn during her memorable interview with Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount. This she left in its place, resolving not to wear it, less from any dread that the housekeeper might recognize a pattern too quiet to be noticed, and too common to be remembered, than from the conviction that it was neither gay enough nor becoming enough for the purpose. After taking a plain white muslin scarf, a pair of light gray kid gloves, and a garden-hat of Tuscan straw from the drawers of the wardrobe, she locked it, and put the key carefully in her pocket.

Instead of at once proceeding to dress herself, she sat idly looking at the two muslin gowns; careless which she wore, and yet inconsistently hesitating which to choose. "What does it matter!" she said to herself, with a reckless laugh; "I am equally worthless in my own estimation, whichever I put on." She shuddered, as if the sound of her own laughter had startled her, and abruptly caught up the dress which lay nearest to her hand. Its colors were blue and white—the shade of blue which best suited her fair complexion. She hurriedly put on the gown without going near her looking-glass. For the first time in her life she shrank from meeting the reflection of herself, except for a moment, when she arranged her hair under her garden-hat, leaving the glass again immediately. She drew her scarf over her shoulders, and fitted on her gloves, with her back to the toilet-table. "Shall I paint?" she asked herself, feeling instinctively that she was turning pale. "The rouge is still left in my box. It can't make my face more false than it is already." She looked round toward the glass, and again turned away from it. "No!" she said. "I have Mrs. Lecount to face as well as her master. No paint." After consulting her watch, she left the room and went down stairs again. It wanted ten minutes only of two o'clock.

Captain Wragge was waiting for her in the parlor—respectable in a frock-coat, a stiff summer cravat, and a high white hat; specklessly and cheerfully rural, in a buff waistcoat, gray trowsers, and gaiters to match. His collars were higher than ever, and he carried a bran-new camp-stool in his hand. Any tradesman in England who had seen him at that moment would have trusted him on the spot.

"Charming!" said the captain, paternally surveying Magdalen when she entered the room. "So fresh and cool! A little too pale, my dear, and a great deal too serious. Otherwise perfect. Try if you can smile."

"When the time comes for smiling," said Magdalen, bitterly, "trust my dramatic training for any change of face that may be necessary. Where is Mrs. Wragge?"

"Mrs. Wragge has learned her lesson," replied the captain, "and is rewarded by my permission to sit at work in her own room. I sanction her new fancy for dress-making, because it is sure to absorb all her attention and to keep her at home. There is no fear of her finishing the Oriental Robe in a hurry, for there is no mistake in the process of making it which she is not certain to commit. She will sit incubating her gown—pardon the expression—like a hen over an addled egg. I assure you her new whim relieves me. Nothing could be more convenient under existing circumstances."

He strutted away to the window, looked out, and beckoned to Magdalen to join him. "There they are!" he said, and pointed to the parade.

Mr. Noel Vanstone slowly walked by, as she looked, dressed in a complete suit of old-fashioned nankeen. It was apparently one of the days when the state of his health was at the worst. He leaned on Mrs. Lecount's arm, and was protected from the sun by a light umbrella which she held over him. The housekeeper—dressed to perfection, as usual, in a quiet lavender-colored summer gown, a black mantilla, an unassuming straw-bonnet, and a crisp blue veil—escorted her invalid master with the tenderest attention; sometimes directing his notice respectfully to the various objects of the sea-view, sometimes bending her head in graceful acknowledgment of the courtesy of passing strangers on the parade who stepped aside to let the invalid pass by. She produced a visible effect among the idlers on the beach. They looked after her with unanimous interest, and exchanged confidential nods of approval, which said as plainly as words could have expressed it—"A very domestic person! a truly superior woman!"

Captain Wragge's parti-colored eyes followed Mrs. Lecount with a steady, distrustful attention. "Tough work for us *there*," he whispered in Magdalen's ear; "tougher work than you think, before we turn that woman out of her place."

"Wait," said Magdalen, quietly. "Wait, and see."

She walked to the door. The captain followed her without making any further remark. "I'll wait till you're married," he thought to himself, "not a moment longer, offer me what you may."

At the house-door Magdalen addressed him again:

"We will go that way," she said, pointing southward; "then turn, and meet them as they come back."

Captain Wragge signified his approval of the arrangement, and followed Magdalen to the garden-gate. As she opened it to pass through her attention was attracted by a lady, with a nursery-maid and two little boys behind her, loitering on the path outside the garden-wall. The lady started, looked eagerly, and smiled to herself as Magdalen came out. Curiosity had got the better of Kirke's sister, and she had come to Aldborough for the express purpose of seeing Miss Bygrave.

Something in the shape of the lady's face, something in the expression of her dark eyes, reminded Magdalen of the merchant-captain whose uncontrolled admiration had annoyed her on the previous evening. She instantly returned the stranger's scrutiny by a frowning, ungracious look. The lady colored, paid the look back with interest, and slowly walked on.

"A hard, bold, bad girl," thought Kirke's sister. "What could Robert be thinking of to admire her? I am almost glad he is gone. I hope and trust he will never set eyes on Miss Bygrave again."

"What boors the people are here!" said Magdalen to Captain Wragge. "That woman was even ruder than the man last night. She is like him in the face. I wonder who she is?"

"I'll find out directly," said the captain. "We can't be too cautious about strangers." He at once appealed to his friends, the boatmen. They were close at hand, and Magdalen heard the questions and answers plainly.

"How are you all this morning?" said Captain Wragge, in his easy, jocular way. "And how's the wind? Nor'west and by west, is it? Very good. Who is that lady?"

"That's Mrs. Strickland, Sir."

"Ay! ay! The clergyman's wife and the captain's sister. Where's the captain to-day?"

"On his way to London, I should think, Sir. His ship sails for China at the end of the week."

China! As that one word passed the man's lips a pang of the old sorrow struck Magdalen to the heart. Stranger as he was, she began to hate the bare mention of the merchant-captain's name. He had troubled her dreams of the past night; and now, when she was most desperately and recklessly bent on forgetting her old home-existence, he had been indirectly the cause of recalling her mind to Frank.

"Come!" she said angrily to her companion. "What do we care about the man or his ship? Come away!"

"By all means," said Captain Wragge. "As long as we don't find friends of the Bygraves, what do we care about any body?"

They walked on southward for ten minutes or more; then turned and walked back again to meet Noel Vanstone and Mrs. Lecount.

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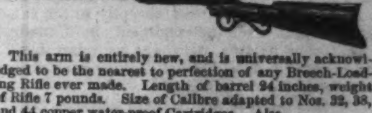

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